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CARDINAL LAVIGERIE ON SLAVERY.

IT is to be hoped that the very able and interesting address which Cardinal LAVIGERIE delivered on Tuesday at Prince's Hall will not lose its effect on any minds by the rather unlucky use of the term "New Crusade" which has been made respecting it. "New Crusade" is a very unsavoury phrase, and will be for some years, till time has washed it clean from certain base uses of the immediate past. The sincerest believers in Christianity may, moreover, hesitate to believe that the stoppage of the horrors which were described, and which were too well known already, is quite so much a matter between Cross and Crescent as the Cardinal, with a fervour difficult to object to in itself, would have contended. It is certain that in no countries are slaves, when once made, treated with greater kindness than in Mahomedan countries; and, though the distinction between believer and non-believer under Islam is, of course, deep and vital, we think that it would be rather difficult to find any authoritative precept of the Faith to validate such proceedings as those which are devastating Africa. These little difficulties cleared away, however, there is hardly any further obstacle in the way of hearty agreement with the Cardinal. His Eminence has, indeed, the character of a good Frenchman as well as that of a good Christian; but we never quarrel with any man for being patriotic, and we only wish that, in the particular case of France, the two varieties of goodness were oftener found conjoined. Cardinal LAVIGERIE's impressive personality must have been already made known to many who did not know it before by M. BONNAT's fine portrait of him this year in the Paris Salon, and those who were present at his address on Tuesday probably felt that the man could speak as well as look like a patriarch of the Church.

It is to be observed that, though Cardinal LAVIGERIE naturally spoke as an anti-slavery man pure and simple, the cause which he has at heart is entirely free from any lingering objections which some old-fashioned or crochety persons may entertain to the view now popular of slavery generally. There are, it is believed, still men not wholly fools who see nothing inherently wicked or abominable in slavery as slavery, and who, pointing, with a rather malicious certainty of not being answered, to the condition both of the lower and the higher classes in countries where slavery has been abolished, ask whether there is any very great improvement in the general level of human development and human well-being. These heretics may well be left at any time to such comfort as their originality, or their affectation, may give them; the general opinion is now too hopelessly against them for any practical effect to follow their opinions. But, if they were as numerous and influential as they are few and insignificant, their views could not affect the present question. The practices which Cardinal LAVIGERIE so eloquently denounces are not the practices of slave-holders, but the practices of slave-hunters, and of slave-hunters of the most merciless and atrocious description. The utmost ingenuity of paradox could find no defence for the ravages which have been made in Central Africa by the Arab and half-caste slave-hunters, whose trade has rather increased than diminished since slavery was discouraged by the Christian Powers, and whose prosperity is most discreditably connected, as we shall shortly point out, with certain acts of Christian Powers themselves. The slaves who are thus obtained are not bought from their parents or from any chieftain who claims a right to dispose of them, they are not even made captive in fair battle between constituted authorities. They are the spoil—generally a miserable remnant only of the spoil—of the expeditions of land-pirates, who fly blacker and redder flags than AVERY or KIDD. The horrors of the

trade cannot be hidden under the old sophistry which used to be put forward to cover those of the "middle passage"—that they are the result of interference with the trade, and that, if it had been unmolested, it would have been conducted in a different way. Nobody, as a rule, interferes with the Arabs who descend on a country, murder or enslave the inhabitants, leave the country itself desolate, and drive off their victims to carry the booty, and—such of them as survive—to be sold at the end. The traditional lawyer or the traditional economist, "with ink in his veins instead of blood," might be from his own point of view as indignant as the most tearful philanthropist at a system which is as contrary to every principle of international law and every principle of economic science as it is to the principles of humanity and religion.

But the really important thing in such a case is to ask who is to blame. And though Cardinal LAVIGERIE was too polite to say it, we fear that, if he had said to England "Thou art the man," we, at least, could not find any valid exculpation ready. No doubt all European nations, more or less, and all who have territorial connexion with Africa, more rather than less, are concerned. The Portuguese are, perhaps, the only people who can be accused of distinctly winking at, if not actually sharing in, the traffic. But all of us—Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and what not—furnish arms to the coast tribes and the foreign "beach-combers." We all, if we do not buy slaves, buy the goods which slaves carry and are hunted down to carry. We all, whenever it suits us, destroy or weaken native authorities in the interior, without putting anything in their place. We all explore, without any intelligent or intelligible idea of what comes or is to come after exploration. But there is upon England a stain—we are afraid we must say more than one stain—larger and darker than that which is on any other European country. Ten years ago, even seven years ago, there was in North-East Central Africa an immense region which was, at any rate to some extent, free, which had been freed in great part by Englishmen, if not by England, from these ravages. No doubt slaves came to Egypt from her Soudanese and Equatorial provinces, and no doubt some of them were obtained in the fearless new fashion. But the open exercise of that fashion in the Egyptian Soudan had been sternly checked, and was to a great extent at an end. We know, alas! too well, how it has begun again, and why. No Government less impeccably, or at least ostentatiously, moral than Mr. GLADSTONE's could have abandoned to slave-hunters Africa from the Cataracts to the Congo, and without such a moral Government behind it hardly any other could have acquiesced in such an abandonment. Nor is this all. We wish, we confess, that Lord SALISBURY's account not long ago of the transactions at Zanzibar had been as completely satisfactory as it was literally and technically correct. But we fear that the present condition of the district from the coast to the Lakes contrasts only less unhappily with that of a few years ago than the conditions of the district from the Lakes to the Nile. For the anomalous and unsatisfactory Congo State England is not alone responsible; but she has responsibility; and, if some steps have recently been taken in a fourth great region, that of the Zambesi, they have been taken late, they are somewhat undecided, and it is very difficult to say what practical good will come of them. Even now the progress of the "White Pasha" appears to excite less interest in England than the question whether an English Parnellite can be more of a Yahoo than an Irish one, and very much less than the question whether a journalist has libelled a jockey or not. For our part, as we have repeatedly contended, we can see no remedy for the present state of the interior of Africa except the restoration in some form or other, and in a stronger form

than formerly, of the power which the KHEWIVE once wielded on the Equator, and perhaps, also, in a large elaboration of the wise policy by which the authority of England in the Cape Colony is being extended northwards. The way in which other European Powers have been allowed to obtain a footing in countries where, scarcely a decade ago, the shadowy claims of Portugal presented the only obstacle to the extension of English influence from the Mediterranean to the Southern Sea may now necessitate "transaction" of some sort. But the sooner that transaction is got over the better at once for the cause which Cardinal LAVIGERIE has at heart and for the future political welfare of Africa.

FRANCE.

THE French papers in their sprightly way account for the attention given by the Italians to the question of Massowah and the supposed danger of Tripoli by the heat of the weather and the want of copy. If it is hot in Italy we can congratulate our friends on their good fortune; and, beyond all question, want of copy is a kind of summer illness from which the press of the civilized world periodically suffers. The French themselves are not in want of matters to write about. They have the strike, and the permanent difficulty of discovering what, if anything, M. FLOQUET means when he pronounces what his friends call a political speech. Besides, the yearly distribution of prizes to the Lycées gives their papers ample material to fill their columns. It is a fine occasion for speech-making at all times, and this year the opportunity is particularly good. The whole French system of education is threatened with destruction and reconstruction; and that is a very serious matter in France, where the traditional peas in a pod are the accepted model for schools. There is a great difficulty to be got over. A revolt is going on against the Greeks and Romans, against the "internat," against nearly everything, in short, which distinguished the French Lycée. On the other hand, all these things have their defenders, and the "internat" is protected by its necessity. To leave the thing to settle itself by competition and selection would be contrary to all French principles. So one Minister of Public Instruction after another—and they are changed every four months or so—has to wrestle with the difficulty of combining incompatible things into a perfectly uniform system. M. LOCKROY, who at present holds the office, does not promise to succeed where others have failed. He also is in the dilemma between the retention of the classics and the general introduction of the "modern" system of training the mind of youth by imparting to it general miscellaneous information in the easiest way. M. LOCKROY would fain be polite to the classics, and would yet expel them from the curriculum. He has explained his position to the pupils at the "Concours général des Lycées et Collèges de Paris." He cannot be said to have made it very clear. General praise of the ancients is followed by sneers, and at last he landed himself in such a difficulty that he was compelled to hold up MILTON and BOSSUET as encouraging examples to the studious youth who think they can dispense with a knowledge of the classic languages. The sorrows of French educational reformers are not matters of international importance; but they are more interesting to the French, for the moment at least, than difficulties about the capitulations at Massowah or the fears of the Italians for Tripoli.

In itself the Massowah question is not perhaps very important. The mysterious Italian enterprise in Abyssinia has never been easy to understand, nor has anybody as yet explained what was likely to come of it. The Italian Government seems to have finally decided that it would be too troublesome to try to punish RAS ALULA for beating its troops, and so, not for the first time, it has proceeded to annex territory as a reward for the loss of a battle. It has announced its annexation of Massowah. As it has been in effective occupation of the town for some time, the measure might be supposed to be purely formal. But Signor CRISPI has given it some weight by the style of the notes in which he announced it to other Governments. These documents are, indeed, quite remarkable examples of the new or Bismarckian diplomatic style. A generation ago it would have seemed passing strange that the Premier of one European Government writing about another, and an at least nominally friendly one, should have written

in this style:—"It is not from Turkey that complaints and objections reach us, but, as is always the case, from France, who has succeeded in attracting Greece into the orbit of her demands; from France, who would appear to regard the 'pacific progress of Italy' as tending to diminish her own power; as if the African continent did not afford ample scope to the legitimate activity and civilizing ambition of all the Powers." Signor CRISPI also speaks of the Greeks as acting "under pressure and instigations which we refrain from stigmatizing." As Greece is represented at Massowah by the French Vice-Consul, there is no mystery here. Again, Signor CRISPI speaks of France as looking "with a jealous eye on the extension of our influence in the Red Sea." Now all this may be very true, and very fit for a leading article or for private talk, but it more than trenches on rudeness when it appears in a circular diplomatic note. The French Vice-Consul may have been annoying in his zeal to advance the interests of his country and hamper those of others. It is the nature of French officials abroad to act in this way. They are also habitually encouraged by their Government, which has from of old given too little and asked too much in international politics. In the present case the Vice-Consul and his superiors are both apparently inclined to make the most of what claim they have to benefit by "capitulations" in Massowah. But that hardly explains why Signor CRISPI should have used such rough language. Whoever deals with the French must know that he will have need of temper, patience, and tact if the relations are to continue friendly. Signor CRISPI has shown none of the three in this or other matters. As he has a reputation for ability and good sense, though not for equability of temper, it must be supposed that he has made his mind up that really friendly relations with France are not to be hoped for—or not to be desired. If this is his belief, its gravity is undoubted. Signor CRISPI's political position is strong and his knowledge of his countrymen great. The Italian character, and particularly the character of modern Italian politicians, is a sufficient guarantee that this attitude of defiance to their neighbour would not be assumed unless there was good ground for trust that support would be found at need. This certainty ought to have weight with the French, though apparently it does not influence them at all. In professing his belief in the unfriendly feeling of France, Signor CRISPI has his countrymen with him beyond doubt. The scare raised by the very ordinary movements of the French Mediterranean squadron may be absurd. So, perhaps, was the recent Spezia scare; but both are signs of the disposition of the Italians to expect attack, and even, if the opportunity presents itself, to forestall it.

The strike of the labourers employed on the new Exhibition works would be a mere trade dispute in most other countries. But in France, and particularly in Paris, strikes on a large scale are always mixed up with politics. The Municipal Council never fails to take its share in the dispute, and in this case it has indirectly part of the responsibility for the quarrel. Some time ago the Radical majority of this truly wonderful body passed a resolution that no more than eight hours' work a day was to be done by men employed to carry out the contracts made by the city authorities. This encouragement to the advocates of the "advanced" workmen has beyond question helped to spirit up the hands employed by the State to demand better terms than they can secure in the open market. The Municipal Council would be very glad to slip out of the responsibility if it could, and has not very consistently refused to afford any help to the hands who are striking to obtain what it had previously voted were the rights of all workmen. But the strikers are not inclined to be thrown over so lightly and are encouraged by individual members of the Council. The great M. VAILLANT is copious in rhetoric of the most inflammatory kind and has many helpers. To be sure this talk is not very serious, and it does not follow that anything terrible will happen because orator A or orator B declares in the loudest tones that the time has come for the workmen to take his revolver out and make an end of the *bourgeois*. The threatened *bourgeois* lives long in France. Still the incident is an unpleasant one, just as everybody is preparing to celebrate the foundation of the reign of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity by the ever-blessed Revolution. It is made the more unpleasant by the fact that many of the workmen on strike are foreigners, and they have been among the most active in intimidation. This is a proof of

the solidarity of the working classes of Europe, which is somewhat shocking, even to the most advanced Radical. The foreigners who intimidate can be disposed of easily by expulsion, and there will be little scruple in taking measures against them. M. FLOQUET's Ministry will have more difficulty with natives, but the general desire to forward the Exhibition may secure him a free hand in dealing even with them. It is a proof of the difficulty of keeping order when the Radicals are concerned that the Ministry has been persuaded to make a distinction between attacks on workmen who will not strike, and attacks on their tools, and to discover that the latter are not intimidation. Apparently M. FLOQUET would like to oppose the revolutionary party as little as is consistent with opposing it at all. As yet no weakness has been shown in protecting the orderly workmen from personal violence. Up till now it appears that the most Radical of French Premiers will have no insuperable difficulty in protecting the employers while they gain another victory; but many of his supporters must wish him otherwise engaged.

THE RAILWAY AND CANAL TRAFFIC BILL.

THE Railway and Canal Traffic Bill (the Commons Amendments to which were considered in the Upper House on Thursday) was, as it left the House of Lords in the last Session, on the whole, as equitable as there was reason to expect in a case in which one of two litigants was a judge as well as a party. The railway Companies are not represented in either House of Parliament, except incidentally by individual shareholders and directors, who are always subject to invidious imputations. In the House of Commons the defenders of vested rights are hampered by the instructions of their constituents, who, having in almost every instance an interest in the reduction of railway charges, resent any attempt on the part of their members to defend property of which they are known to be holders. It is perhaps surprising that railway Companies under such disadvantages have for so many years kept hostile agitation at bay. The traditions of justice have down to the date of the last Reform Act sufficed to protect the sanctity of contracts. Every new statute which has affected railways, and the Reports of successive Committees which have inquired into their affairs and their practice, have until now recognized the sanctity of bargains deliberately sanctioned by Parliament for good consideration on both sides. Mr. CARDWELL's Act of 1853 removed a plausible ground of complaint by defining and prohibiting undue preference to any class of traffic. In accordance with the Report of the Joint Committee of both Houses in 1872, the enforcement of the law was entrusted to the Railway Commissioners, who have since, in the rare instances in which complainants resorted to their jurisdiction, certainly not leaned to the side of the Companies. The Joint Committee insisted strongly on the right of the railway Companies to their full tariffs, and all the inquiries which have been held before and after the date of their Report have on good grounds deprecated the concession of the demand for equal mileage rates. The House of Commons has now given power to a Government department to substitute a new classification and an arbitrary scale of rates for the sources of revenue on which the constructors of railways reckoned when they advanced their capital. In every other respect the House has legislated in a spirit of hostility to the owners of a vast property, which has been, to great public advantage, created in reliance on the good faith of Parliament.

The clamour against certain differences of rates which were alleged to favour foreign produce perhaps rendered some concession inevitable. That the Companies had, in this respect as in others, acted within their powers was proved by the absence of litigation on the disputed charges. The domestic producers who thought themselves aggrieved would have obtained ample redress from the Commissioners if the system had involved illegal preference. The reasons for the distinction, and its practical operation, though they are sufficiently simple, were naturally not understood by the farmers and others who have agitated for a change. It was the duty of peers and members of Parliament to make themselves acquainted with arguments which have been arbitrarily overruled. The light rates on certain imports were regulated by the maritime freights between competing ports. If they are abolished the result will be that the traffic will be taken by water, and not by railway. Traders with New York who have hitherto conveyed their

goods from Liverpool to London by railway will now send them to their destination without breaking bulk; though the existing practice must be more convenient, and has been largely adopted by freighters. Some of the Companies will incur serious loss by the change, while other railways will be but little affected. A principal result of the new system will be the establishment of a protective duty in favour of certain classes of traders and producers against less fortunate competitors. A more important application of Protectionist doctrines consists in the prohibition of the practice of grouping in which large trading interests are now involved. Railway Companies have for many years enabled all the ports and markets in their respective systems to share in the advantages of railway communication on equal terms. The most conspicuous instance is furnished by the equal rates of the North-Eastern Company on traffic to and from all the ports between Hull and Newcastle inclusive. If the Commons' amendments are ultimately included in the Bill, the North-Eastern Company will probably suffer inconvenience rather than loss, because it will in any case command the traffic. Hull will enjoy a profitable triumph over Newcastle, which is more than twice as far from the principal Lancashire markets. If the same Protectionist doctrines are consistently applied, the result will be the institution of mileage rates. As has been said, the withdrawal of discretion from the Companies has been condemned by every competent authority on the administration of their business. Perhaps hereafter the owners of the Durham coalfields and the traders of Newcastle may have sufficient Parliamentary influence to recover the advantages of which they are now to be deprived. The House of Commons probably intended only to mulct the railways, and forgot that there are also in this case bodies of electors to be considered.

The spirit, or, to use the stronger expression, the animus, of the assailants of the railway Companies was exhibited in the amendments to the clause which defined the powers of the Railway Commission. As the Bill was framed, and as it passed the House of Lords, the judge who is to preside over the tribunal was to determine points of law, and there was an appeal to the Court of Appeal. Nearly at the end of the debate the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE by some oversight consented to an iniquitous proposal that the right of appeal should be enjoyed only at the pleasure of the two lay members. It is apparently on the ground of their judicial incompetence that they are empowered to declare whether the question is one of law. The discretion is, indeed, nominally vested in the Commission, but it will be exercised according to the judgment of the lay majority. The existing Commissioners have systematically discountenanced or refused appeals; but the Writ of Prohibition supplied a method of revising their judgments which afforded some security for the due administration of justice. Their successors are exempt from prohibition, and now they are to be allowed at their pleasure to suppress appeals. During the long debates in both Houses the enemies of the Companies have consistently exerted themselves to deteriorate the character of the Commission by lowering its qualification. This restriction of the right of appeal can only be defended on the ground that all other classes are to be favoured at the expense of railway Companies; yet the issues which the Commissioners will have to try involve in many cases much more important interests than those which occupy the attention of the ordinary courts of justice. The excuse which was often suggested in debate was that private traders could not afford litigation with powerful Companies. The same reason would apply to every dispute between richer and poorer litigants. In the case of railway traffic the apology is especially inapplicable. Chambers of Commerce and other trade associations can well afford to prosecute or persecute the Companies with funds subscribed for the purpose. Even if traders required protection against the Companies, the appointment of an incompetent tribunal would be a strange mode of protecting the weak against the strong. It is, perhaps, useless to repeat for the hundredth time the fact that railway shareholders, though their collected capital may be large, are often in narrow circumstances and dependent on the investments which are now to be injuriously affected.

It must be admitted that the questionable principles of the Bill cannot be attributed to party legislation. Some of the most formidable attacks upon railway property have in both Houses been made by Conservatives of the most respectable character, including several large landowners. It is not a little surprising that the destined victims of the

next scheme of spoliation should not have hesitated to establish a precedent which may even be quoted against them with ruinous effect. The chief newspaper organ of the Conservative party has displayed a consistent, though unaccountable, hostility to the railway Companies. It is possible that the Board of Trade and the Railway Commission may administer the Act in so equitable a spirit as to correct in some degree the vicious tendency of some of its provisions; but the cause of the freighters will always be more popular than that of the Companies, and even upright tribunals are sometimes unconsciously influenced by general opinion. The parties to litigation under the Act will be on one side the Companies, who are invidiously described as monopolists, and on the other their customers, who are interested in reducing their charge and increasing their liabilities. The security of a capital equal in amount to the National Debt will excite no public sympathy. Other holders of joint-stock property may perhaps be plundered even before the turn of the landowners arrives. During the debates on the Local Government Bill an Amendment was strongly supported which would have enabled County Councils to supply gas and water within their areas without compensation to Companies which have at their own expense and on the faith of uniform Parliamentary practice hitherto provided for the public wants. Another Amendment by which the London Council would have been allowed to promote Bills in Parliament without control was only lost by a majority of six.

A FEAST OF REASON.

THE complaint of the young lady that the pork pie was "rather too rich" might be made by the guests whom Oxford has invited to a feast of reason and a flow of culture. The banquet offered to "University Extension Students" and Others—still those wicked words "and others"—is of Gargantuan proportions. That intelligent young persons of both sexes should be invited to disport themselves at Oxford is all very capital. If the weather were only less tempestuous they might be very happy and hold a kind of unofficial Commemoration, and "go in their youth" and the sunshine rejoicing to Nuneham and Godstone. All this were excellent, and a little junketing we trust there will be; but what is a little junketing to all this prodigious deal of lecture? All Oxford appears to be lecturing at once to the unhappy University Extension Students and others. The bill of fare might daunt the most intrepid. Merely to look at it is a liberal education. The Lord Bishop of RYON will preach on "The Poems (in prose) of the Day." Mr. WILLETT will lecture on "Capital," and persons who were examined by Mr. WILLETT (and others) in the Pass schools some years ago will be anxious to hear his views on the relations of stocking-knitting to the rent of lodgings. Mr. WALTER CRANE (is he a University man?) will discuss the Educational Value of Art, and we sincerely trust that he will also offer some remarks on "Models, and what they might teach us." Mr. MURRAY will lecture on the Dictionary, and Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON on "Some Great Books in History," and perhaps a little on History in some Little Books; but the menu does not say so. Mr. BRODRICK, of Merton, will tell the "Story of Oxford," which is not a short story, and we heartily hope that there will be an interval for refreshment. Mr. L. L. F. PRICE, M.A., F.S.S., most emphatically a man of letters, gives no fewer than six lectures on English Economists, not including one on the celebrated economist ELDON. Isn't it fun? Mr. LLEWELLYN SMITH takes an astronomical topic, "The Makers of Economy," who, we presume, are the inhabitants of Saturn, as discerned by Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. KNOX will "have a fling," as PHILEMON HOLLAND says, at MACHIAVELLI, and a number of the learned will talk about the French Revolution, Mr. H. GEORGE tackling NAPOLEON. Of course SAVONAROLA cannot be left out, nor the Elizabethan Seamen (F. S. BOAS, B.A.). Mr. J. CHURTON COLLINS will discourse of "The Origin of English Literature," a rather curious topic. HAMLET, RUSKIN, EDMUND SPENSER, and FAUST will not be neglected; but we do not observe that Mr. GRANT ALLEN is to lecture on Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, nor Mr. ALAN STEEL on the Off-break. The Human Body is in the care of Dr. BURDON SANDERSON, and Mr. WATTS will make an excursion to Kirtlington, and we hope that the human body's natural need of restoring tissue will be seen to on that occasion.

Nobody seems to have thought of a magic-lantern; but Evolution will be illustrated by the dry light of oxy-hydrogen. If Mr. SELLS is set on lecturing on "Combustion and Flame," we would suggest Mob Quad as the scene and chairs from the lecture-room as the subjects of this interesting experiment. We do not observe that "The Doctrine of Chances; with some Remarks on Taking Miss," is to be the theme of any Balliol lectures, and perhaps the weather will not permit the illustration of "Glacier Action considered in its Application to the Chapel-door." We have known experimental lectures of this kind highly successful in an earlier epoch of physical science. There is to be a concert in Balliol Hall; but we miss the name of Herr SLAPOFSKI, that distinguished instrumentalist. There is to be a Home Reading Conference, however, whatever that may mean. It sounds a little Homeruley, for the Marquess of RYON is in it, and Mr. ARTHUR SIDGWICK, "and others." The undefeated Mr. WATTS is not only going to Kirtlington but to Shotover, where there used to be crystals of an unassuming sort in the quarries. "The Theory of Projectiles, as illustrated in Merton and Corpus Quadrangles; with remarks on the Use and Abuse of Saloon Pistols," is a topic somehow overlooked, though at one time very popular. There will be services in the Cathedral and the Wesley Memorial Chapel, but nothing is said about lawn tennis. In fact, there is really almost too much culture, and too mixed, so that we tremble for the danger to eager brains in the general scuffle. Persons labouring under undue excitement may safely be taken to a lecture on Modern Geographical Method, but we trust that many, very many, of the youths and maidens will stick to the Cherwell and the College Gardens, which are well suited to their years and circumstances. May they all have a really pleasant week out, and neglect the lectures as much as they deserve to be neglected, except Mr. WILLETT's on "Capital," which is certain to be excellent. Otherwise, the pupils will leave Oxford in a horribly mixed condition, with an idea that SAVONAROLA was an early economist, that MALTHUS was an authority on the human body, and that Mr. THOROLD ROGERS is a prose poet.

LORD ROSEBERY AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE amiable author of a certain sarcasm on the preference of Gladstonian peers for the shilling gallery must be really annoyed to see the effect which that remark has taken on Lord ROSEBERY's sensitive organization. He had already referred to it last week; on Saturday last he made a second reference, which showed that it really rankles. A man, especially if he is Lord ROSEBERY, does not go on making references to things of this kind unless he feels decidedly uncomfortable under them; and when Lord ROSEBERY consoles himself (he seems to have required various consolations) by remembering that, "after all, the British Constitution rests on the shilling gallery," we fear that, in his eagerness for a soothing lap, he has rather mistaken the lady. The British Constitution rests, not on the shilling gallery, but on all parts of the house; and the politician who plays to one part only commits the same error, whether he may or may not have the same excuse, as he who plays to the other part. But this was not Lord ROSEBERY's only exhibition of "flurry." He told a story about a "distinguished American politician" who retorted upon a "beautiful and accomplished Conservative lady" who talked about local Legislatures "dividing the country" that he "would go back to his country and tell them they were not 'United States, after all.'" Now it is not so very long since they were wofully disunited States, owing to exactly this little fact of local Legislatures. And Lord ROSEBERY might also have reflected that there is a considerable difference between making what conglomerate you can of a number of different things and going out of your way to cut one thing up into pieces.

But it would be unkind to follow Lord ROSEBERY too far into details. He was in difficulties, he was struggling with adversity, and he knew it; and as he is one of the nearest approaches to a good man to be found on the Gladstonian side, we on the other shall not look at his struggles too unkindly. But it is amusing to contrast these awkward attempts to counter with the clean straight hitting on the other side, which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made on the same day, and the damaging effects of which were probably visible in the disgraceful scene of Monday night in the House. There

are persons, not of Unionist sympathies, who think and say that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is the most effective speaker in the Commons, bar Mr. GLADSTONE, and Lord ROSEBERY the most effective speaker in the House of Lords, bar Lord SALISBURY, so the match was not unequal. We should not be very much afraid to ask judgment of the result from any one. When Lord ROSEBERY was not making little jokes, or ranking under the shilling gallery, or forgetting certain tolerably notorious events which happened in the early years of the seventh decade of this century, he was indulging in platitudes or fallacies about the spirit of nationality, and so forth. No one knows better than he that what anti-Home Rulers deny is precisely this—that the Home Rule spirit is in any sense a spirit of nationality, and that they ask and have waited hitherto for an answer to the question Why Ireland is, on the demand of a portion only of her inhabitants, to have the portion of goods (and more) that fall to her, while Bermondsey and Brixington are not? When he was talking about the MANDEVILLE matter he was, we are bound to say, doing still worse, repeating disproved and impossible absurdities as if they were proved and undoubted facts. But turn to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. None of these little quirks and quibbles, these little artifices and evasions, will be found there. It was interesting to wonder whether any one could be found to deal with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's comparison of Mr. MORLEY's awkward admission as to the accomplishments of the Session with the difficulties in spite of which those accomplishments have been brought about. It was good to see whether any one would be hardy enough to grapple with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's account of the origin of Mr. CONYBEARE's libel on the SPEAKER and the light which that conduct throws on the patriotism of the Irish members and their devotion to the interests of Ireland. Let it be noted that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who is, and no doubt always will be, a Radical with whom we hope to break many lances, says bluntly that "there are some of the Irish members who do not wish Ireland to be prosperous, because as long as Ireland is discontented there is hope for the agitation by which they profit." This passage alone would explain the "beastly froth of rage," to quote Mr. BROWNING, in which Mr. PARNELL and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR were seen on Monday. Let persons desirous of information study Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's rehandling of the Charges and Allegations Bill; of the ready-arranged evictions, with tenants sitting smoking outside and children and women arranged to order inside; of the capital made out of the death of the unfortunate victim MANDEVILLE—victim of his own folly and the knavery of his brother-agitators—of the outrages which follow and enforce boycotting, and which, almost while he was speaking, were increased by the murders of FORHAN and RONANE. And, if they want any more, let them read his general remarks on the new Gladstonian scheme of Home Rule, without everything that Mr. GLADSTONE formerly said was indispensable, and with everything that Mr. GLADSTONE formerly said must be done without.

This speech of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's seems to us particularly recommendable because of its ruthless tearing to pieces, from first to last, of the bosh, the *blague*, the cant, which form not merely the staple, but the body, fringe, and everything else of the Gladstonian arguments, save in the cases of those who, like Lord SPENCER and Mr. JOHN MORLEY, simply avow that Irish disorder is too terrible to be resisted, and profess themselves willing to take, "lying down," any and every inconvenience that the victorious Irish may inflict. That, of course, as we have always acknowledged, is a solid bottom of argument. "I am afraid to fight, and therefore I mean to surrender," is sense, straightforwardness, all sorts of good things, except a few called manliness, patriotism, statesmanship, and so forth. We have always admitted a certain admiration of the persons who hold this language; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did not deal with it, and the vast majority of Gladstonians openly repudiate it. They advocate Home Rule (if a man may believe them) because of their respect for the "spirit of nationality," because Mr. DILLON is not allowed to pursue a course of conduct which would not be tolerated in any country in the world, because a poor creature like Mr. MANDEVILLE exposes himself to discomfort out of sheer folly, and dies long afterwards from wilfully incurred exposure and careless living, because Mr. GLADSTONE says Home Rule is good, because some one else says England oppressed Ireland at some time or other, because of anything and everything that is hollow, absurd, and hypocritical. Mr. BALFOUR said the other day, and said justly enough, that

we want a DRYDEN to celebrate the ACHITOPHELS and the JUDASES of this new plot. But we are not quite sure that we do not still more want a PHILIPON and a DAUMIER. If there is a caricaturist of genius anywhere waiting for his opportunity, the leaders and the followers of the Gladstonian army might give him hints for creations beside which MACAIRE and BERTRAND would be commonplace types. Such a gigantic case of "bubbling" as this Home Rule business has not been seen since the great South Sea matter, where, too, there were certainly many honest dupes, and are thought to have been some honest tricksters. For here is an agitation which is not only baseless, but was argued, asserted, strenuously contended to be, and legislated for as baseless, by men who have since, in an obvious political need, declared it to be well grounded; and these very men, except the respectable dastards above referred to, who half, or more than half, redeem their poltroonery by their frank confession of it, have absolutely no argument to bring except claptrap and gush that would disgrace a schoolboy's debating society. For a man like Lord ROSEBERY (who, no doubt, is scarcely even a half-hearted Home Ruler, and is very ill at the Home Rule numbers) to talk about the spirit of nationality in connexion with the present Home Rule movement is the most flagrant confession of claptrap that can be imagined. The spirit of nationality in connexion with Mr. PARNELL and his forty thousand pounds! The spirit of nationality in connexion with Mr. O'BRIEN and his breeches! The spirit of nationality in connexion with the transpontine evictions of tenants who, if the League would let them, desire nothing so much as to pay their reduced rents and bless their stars! We cannot find many things on which to congratulate Separatists, but we can at least congratulate them on having invented, and hitherto to some extent kept up, a *blague* such as never yet rewarded the political speculator on the folly of his fellows. But inventions of this kind are delicate things to touch, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at any rate, does not touch them delicately.

MR. FRANK HOLL.

THE death of Mr. FRANK HOLL has removed a very conspicuous and honourable figure from English art. He has worked so much and so well and seems to have been so long familiar to us that it will be a surprise for most men to learn from the obituary notices that he was only forty-three years of age. It will be an even greater surprise for all but his personal friends to learn that the immense (the word is not too strong) quantity of work which he had done of late was executed in spite of an incurable weakness of the heart. Perhaps the most surprising thing of all is, that the part of his work which made him famous and by which his name will live was executed within the last quarter of his life and had not been promised by his earlier efforts as an artist. It was only ten years ago or so that he began to work as a portrait-painter. He took a conspicuous place at once, and justified his immediate success in this branch of his art by steady excellence of workmanship. His story is possibly in one respect not altogether creditable to the conditions in which modern portrait-painters and other popular artists live. The writer of the obituary notice in the *Times* says that Mr. HOLL, finding himself overworked after finishing the long list of his portraits which have been on view during this season, went to Madrid to refresh himself by renewed study of VELASQUEZ. A portrait-painter could not have gone to a better source of inspiration; but there is a contrast between the position of the old and new artist which is not favourable to the art, whatever it may be to the worldly prosperity of the modern artist. The painter who was the king's servant, who could not paint without the king's leave, and whose models came to him from a very small and a very select society, may have been a poor man, who took his pay rather in honour than in money, but he was assuredly better placed to do nothing but his best than his modern successor, who seems to feel that, as an industrious man of business, he must refuse no work which comes in his way, even though he labour at the risk of his life.

It is said by the authority already quoted that Mr. HOLL turned to portrait-painting because of his "disgust at the treatment which his subject-pictures had received from the hands of the critics." If this was indeed his motive

it was the most striking tribute to the wholesome uses of criticism which has been given by any artist in our time. As a painter of subject-pictures Mr. HOLL was engaged on work for which his qualities did not fit him. It was not in imagination that his strength lay. On turning to portraiture he entered what was properly his field, and if his decision was indeed inspired by the critics, he had every reason to be thankful to them. Want of imagination is no doubt a defect in the portrait-painter, but it is one which may be masked by serious qualities of workmanship and honesty of vision. These last Mr. HOLL possessed in an eminent degree. It will hardly be claimed for him that he showed the wonderful technical skill of some contemporary French painters, or that any of his portraits were at once such likenesses and such works of art as have been produced by the very great masters. But people who had not been connoisseurs out of their senses saw that Mr. HOLL's portraits were vigorous, lifelike, and unaffected. They did not stop to inquire whether his "values" were satisfactory to the French-American eye or not. If he fell below the greatest master in the quality of imagination there is at least this to be said for him, which cannot be said for all men in these days of copious businesslike production—he never condescended to paint hasty canvases which show at a glance that they were merely done for money. Whatever Mr. HOLL did, he did with all his might. The sitter might not supply him with a good subject; but Mr. HOLL never made that an excuse for scamping his work. His portraits have, therefore, the quality of honesty in an eminent degree. In regard to the work of some of his contemporaries, one is inclined to say that the painter was always thinking of the reputation he could get for his values, and of how he was to show his favourite qualities of workmanship, and of what expression he could put on his model to make him, and particularly her, look striking on the walls of an exhibition. Mr. HOLL was too proud, or too straightforward, or too simple and businesslike a man to fall into this kind of dishonesty, which in the modern art world has taken the place of the old license of flattery. His portraits always conveyed the impression that this was what the sitter looked like to a clear-eyed, observant man who was looking at what was before him with the intention of painting it as it was. But, although Mr. HOLL did not obtrude his handicraft, it would be grossly unjust to say that his painting was deficient in technical qualities. They were not the first, or still more the only, thing which one thought of in looking at his work, but they were there. His skill was never inadequate to the task of conveying an impression of dignity or force or alert vigour. All who are in the habit of observing pictures with care will remember his portraits of General ROBERTS and Lord WOLSELEY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. None of the three, and notably not the last, failed to express character and energy. It is not necessary to go back even to recent years for examples of the best qualities of Mr. HOLL's work. His portrait of Earl SPENCER, which is still being exhibited, is not inferior to anything of his which has been seen; and the others in the galleries of the year—there are ten or twelve of them—are all proofs of the consistent thoroughness of his work.

ZULULAND.

THE debate last week in the House of Commons on Zulu affairs, though it could scarcely produce a practical result, was not without interest and instruction. It is perhaps in some cases desirable to examine political questions from as many different sides as possible; and the House of Commons had the opportunity, not only of considering English interests, but of listening to one speaker who scarcely conceals his preference for the Boers, if not for the natives, over his own countrymen. It is difficult to attract attention to distant dependencies, even when they are engaged in little wars; but the House of Commons ought now to be fairly well informed as to the merits of the local quarrel. Some of the members who took part in the debate professed themselves partisans of the insurgent chief, as against the adversaries whom he claims as subjects. The friends of DINIZULU had probably approved of the restoration of his father, which seemed to many students of South African policy a serious mistake. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN defended the course for which, in common with the rest of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet, he had been to some extent technically responsible. It may be doubted whether Lord

KIMBERLEY'S action was at the time submitted to the judgment of his colleagues, with the exception of the Prime Minister. Either as a member of the Government or as a mere observer, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN could scarcely have been expected to take the sentimental view of the claims of the deposed King. There was no doubt that CETEWAYO had been hardly treated when he was dethroned for the offence of defending his country against an unprovoked invasion. It by no means followed that his personal pretensions should have outweighed considerations of expediency which still appear to be conclusive. Not by his own fault, but in consequence of ill fortune, the King had sunk to the rank of a Pretender. It was certain that in the attempt to recover his position he would be engaged in the feuds which, in fact, afterwards ensued from his restoration. The petty kings who had received from Sir GARNET WOLSELEY a guarantee of their possessions were not likely to restore their dominions to the former owner except in deference to superior force. Before many months had elapsed CETEWAYO fell in a struggle with the most powerful of the appointed chiefs; and it is not surprising that his son is at this moment engaged in war with the same antagonist.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has satisfied himself, on evidence which seems to him sufficient, that the Zulus have a strong sense of nationality, and that they have a loyal attachment to the Royal House. Equally good authority may be cited for the contrary proposition. From the time when the remarkable military organization which gave them an independent existence collapsed at Ulundi, the Zulus have never attempted to reconstitute the kingdom of CETEWAYO. Notwithstanding the confident opinion of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and of other politicians of importance, there is no sufficient reason for believing that the majority of the inhabitants of Zululand regard the contest between DINIZULU and USIBEPU as a national issue. Both the combatants are feudal chiefs and heads of local parties, and until lately USIBEPU seemed to have established his right by the conclusive argument of superior force. He had defeated and slain CETEWAYO, and in the subsequent contest DINIZULU had practically acknowledged his inferiority by applying to the Boers for assistance. The Zulu nation, if there is such an entity, has little reason to thank the legitimate Pretender for inviting into the territory auxiliaries who have rewarded themselves for their services by taking possession of large tracts of land. Sir ARTHUR HAVELOCK has succeeded in recovering a part of the ceded territory, and the Imperial Government has, therefore, acquired an additional claim to the allegiance of the natives. Much of the bloodshed and disturbance which preceded the present war would have been prevented by an earlier annexation of that part of Zululand which has not been alienated to the Boers. One Colonial Minister after another has shrunk from the assumption of responsibility, though there is reason to believe that the Zulus themselves would have welcomed the establishment of a strong and civilized Government. Sir JOHN GORST, who, in the absence of Baron DE WORMS, represented the Colonial Office in the late debate with great ability, expressed an opinion that USIBEPU, who had been temporarily expelled from his dominions, ought not to have been restored. In cases of this kind it is almost impossible to judge of the comparative expediency of two opposite courses. If USIBEPU had been victorious in the present campaign, as on former occasions, he would have been entitled to the privileges of those who keep because they can. There seems to be no reason for overruling the judgment of the local authorities who have undertaken the defence, not of USIBEPU, but of the Imperial Government.

As English sovereignty over all the residue of Zululand has been already proclaimed, it must be asserted by force wherever it is disputed. Whatever may have been the previous merits of the two hostile chiefs, one of them is now a rebel, and the other is certain for his own sake to remain a loyal subject. It is impossible that a native civil war can be allowed to continue. There is no reason to suppose that DINIZULU would now, or in any contingency, acknowledge the supremacy of the Crown. The white adventurers who have joined his army will probably urge him to court the assistance of the South African Republic, which now includes the so-called New Republic. It is satisfactory to learn that up to the date of the latest accounts the Transvaal Government has professed and practised strict neutrality. If, as must be taken for granted, the same policy is consistently pursued, there ought to be little difficulty in reducing the insurgent portion of the Zulus to submission. The rumour that the Lieutenant-Governor of

Natal exercised a control over the movements of the officer in command has been officially contradicted. General SMYTHE is, it appears, exclusively responsible for military operations, and his force seems to be not inadequate. In addition to two thousand regulars, he disposes of an equal number of native infantry, and it must be supposed that he is assured of their fidelity. With a handful of cavalry and two or three field-guns the English army ought to be more than a match for any probable opponent. Reinforcements have already been despatched from Egypt, and it may be hoped that no risk of failure will be incurred through insufficient preparation. The Intelligence Department appears not to have been successful in its efforts to ascertain the strength of the enemy. According to some accounts, crowds of zealous warriors are hurrying from all parts of Zululand to defend the cause of the legitimate Pretender. The truth or falsehood of the story is at present doubtful; but it is certain that defeat or hesitation would win many adherents to the cause of DINIZULU. His own position and strength are but imperfectly known. It is said that he is at Cesa, on the northern frontier of Zululand, with only two thousand followers. He probably wishes to remove himself as far as possible from the advancing force, and perhaps he may still entertain a hope of negotiating with the Government of the neighbouring Republic. It is also stated that the followers of DINIZULU are for the most part strangers belonging to alien tribes, and that the bulk of his countrymen are either hostile to his pretensions or neutral. If the story is true, the cause of the Pretender must be desperate. Foreign auxiliaries who might be attached to his camp by the hope of plunder can scarcely be formidable. In all South African transactions of diplomacy or of war the Imperial Government has of late years found itself in a disadvantageous position. No reliance has been placed on its resolution or consistency, and since the lamentable affair of Majuba the courage of English troops has been doubted. Almost all the disasters which have since occurred are due to the timidity of the author of that surrender. The scandal and the loss which were then incurred will probably have effectively prevented the establishment of a precedent. If DINIZULU proves himself strong enough to deal both with his native adversaries and with the Imperial Government, he may perhaps succeed in restoring the kingdom of his ancestors. It may be confidently asserted that he will not attain his object by negotiation. Sir JOHN GORST told the House of Commons that the Imperial Government was not disposed to act harshly to the insurgents when they had once been compelled to abandon their enterprise. It is not always prudent to hold out hopes of clemency while rebellion is still on foot. Insurgents such as DINIZULU may not unreasonably think it worth while to try the fortune of war when they are at the worst assured of exemption from punishment. It is true that there will be no reason for a display of moral indignation. When CETEWAYO was restored, he and his heirs obtained a *locus standi* to oppose any solution of existing difficulties which might fall short of the restoration of the monarchy. USIBEFU was still more clearly entitled to the maintenance of his rights. As it was impossible to justify the reasonable expectations of both the competitors, it only remained to arbitrate between them, and to enforce the award. DINIZULU has deprived himself of all claim to consideration by taking arms against the paramount Power. When he is compelled or persuaded to submit, it will not be easy to provide him with a settlement. If he finds himself landless, he will only have himself to blame.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE LAW OF LIBEL.

TO find the House of Lords, as compared with the House of Commons, slovenly, unintelligent, and perfunctory in dealing with a piece of commonplace legislation is something new, but not agreeable. The opportunity of the report, which it was hoped the Peers would make use of to improve the Libel Law Amendment Bill, has been allowed to slip, and the Bill returns to the Commons considerably worse than it entered the Lords. The cumbrous and ill-drawn clause which gives legislative sanction to Lord COLERIDGE's fanciful opinion that there never ought to be criminal prosecutions for libel still disfigures the Bill. It is founded on a succession of misapprehensions as to the existing law, which independent critics have been at some pains

to hunt—it is to be feared with only partial success—from the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE's mind, and it will make all criminal prosecutions for libel in newspapers more expensive and difficult for the future. Examples which it is unnecessary to mention suffice to show that this is a misfortune.

This, however, is far from being the most serious blemish of the Bill as it stands. Lord MONKSWELL's amendment to the proviso in the fourth clause is much to be deplored. Of course it goes nothing like so far as the outrageous provisions which the Bill originally contained, but it is a decided alteration for the worse in the existing law. It substitutes for the rule that in order to secure privilege for a libel contained in a report of a public meeting the defendant must show the publication to have been for the public benefit, the far less simple and satisfactory provision that in such a case all he need do is to show that the publication was "in the interest of the public." It is impossible to surmise how this clause was allowed to pass in its present form. It was not through mere inadvertence. Not only had the objections to the amended proviso been pointed out here and elsewhere, but the LORD CHANCELLOR avowed in the debate on the report that on this point he preferred the existing law. Under these circumstances it was clearly his duty to divide the House if necessary on the point, and it is difficult to understand why he did not do so. The only reason for relaxing the present law can be a desire to give newspapers privilege in reporting defamation uttered at public meetings, and of such a character that its publication is not for the public benefit. There is no real ground for doing this except a wish to consult the convenience of persons who advertise and enrich themselves by the dissemination of libellous matter. The proviso that the publication must be for the public benefit is plain, clear, and easily worked. The proviso that it must be "in the interest of the public" will probably turn out to be just the reverse. In some sense anything might be said to be "published in the interest of the public" which may in any degree amuse or please the public. Why should the fulfilment of so loose and illusory a condition give privilege to the publication of that of which in fact the publication is not beneficial?

When the Bill reaches the House of Commons for reconsideration a hard-worked assembly will probably have many things—such as grouse—to occupy its attention more agreeably than the law of libel. Yet, inasmuch as duty is duty, it must be earnestly hoped that the House will not concur in the mutilation of the Bill to which it devoted so much and such praiseworthy attention. The proviso in Clause 4, which has so considerably deteriorated in the Upper House, was proposed in the Lower by Mr. KELLY, insisted upon by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, accepted by Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK, and carried without dissension. These gentlemen, together with Mr. REID and Mr. ANDERSON, will do well to see that the laborious attention they bestowed upon the Bill is not rendered useless by the lamentable carelessness exhibited "in another place."

LORD WOLSELEY ON COURAGE.

NOTHING is more difficult than to get soldiers to tell us what it feels like to be under fire. Probably the soldier whose sensations are highly uncomfortable does not care to recall them, and he who is at home in the middle of bullets does not wish to vaunt, or may even have an idea that nobody is quite sure how he will feel next time. An American officer, in a recent number of the *Century*, and Lord WOLSELEY, in the *Fortnightly Review*, have offered, however, to the world their ideas about courage, chiefly military courage. It is a topic in which the world is greatly interested; for courage is a virtue which most of us feel to be difficult, at least where it is not purely instinctive, as in bulldogs, and in some Happy Warriors. Lord WOLSELEY is not a professed psychologist, and perhaps some of his observations will not quite satisfy the moral critic. He regards courage as "the mental corrective and equivalent of perfect physical health." Perhaps "mental" is hardly the right word, whatever the right word may be, which we leave philosophers to decide. At all events, if courage be only the correlative of good health, cowardice should be only the correlative of bad health, and then we could scarcely call it "a dastardly vice," unless we take the high ground that all ill health

is a moral error, that mumps is a dastardly vice, and a good digestion an ethical virtue. Lord WOLSELEY admits the exceptions to his rule; as when "the high soul sustains and rules the weak body." This has usually been regarded as the noblest kind of courage, because it is based on firm resolve, and not on mere robustness of constitution. But Lord WOLSELEY rejects this theory, as one congenial to "the philosopher with his feet in hot water." But perhaps we are doing Lord WOLSELEY injustice. He probably means, not that the courage of the soul ruling the unwilling nerves is a lower moral quality than instinctive gallantry, but that the man of instinctive gallantry is "a more lovable character," and sets, in war, a much more fascinating example. No doubt this is so; and men will more gladly follow a leader who does not know fear than one who behaves just as bravely, though he knows what fear is very well. Which of the men would behave the better in a night panic, for example, it is less easy for civilians to conjecture, and perhaps the case might be argued either way. If we take an example in another field of morals, Lord WOLSELEY's meaning will be clear. We all very much prefer a man who does not even know what the temptation to dishonesty is to the man who goes straight in spite of temptation. If we knew that any man was in case to be tempted by dishonesty, we could never trust him; and so soldiers may not trust a man whom they suspect of having to conquer himself each time he goes into peril. "What must be their tortures?" says Lord WOLSELEY, speaking of men who act bravely, though "wanting in natural daring." Probably, like the eels, they get used to these tortures after a little experience, and acquire a trustworthy habit of courage. At least we hope so, because it is certain enough that the majority of men are not like the French general who never was afraid of anything but a pair of new boots.

Lord WOLSELEY thinks that the *χάρη*, or delight of battle, which animates a man naturally brave as he leads a storming party across the open, is composed of "all maddening pleasures," is frenzied enjoyment. This is very probable. Indeed one can imagine that even a warrior who, like *ÆSCHINES* in *THEOCRITUS*, "was not the first, may be, nor the last, perhaps, but a fair soldier as times go," would enjoy leading a charge. Suspense is ended. Here is the happiness of action, and a desire to have it over not ingloriously. But can any man (except Sir GERALD GRAHAM) enjoy sitting still all day to be shot at? That kind of delight of battle must be very seldom felt. Lord WOLSELEY admits that the most trying thing of all is "to be at a distance from operations for which you are entirely responsible, but over which you cannot exercise any direct or immediate control." To be at Korti must have been infinitely more harassing than to lead a charge and pass through "one crowded hour of glorious life" in Burmah.

Among examples of cool courage utterly reckless of danger, Lord WOLSELEY cites Sir GERALD GRAHAM, who used to walk out of the trenches for hundreds of yards under a heavy fire rather than be troubled to make a détour through the trenches. Captain Sir WILLIAM PEEL used to set an example like that of SKOBELEFF. While his men worked their guns in the trench he stood above and directed them from exposed and elevated ground. Yet probably Sir WILLIAM PEEL was no braver than Lord WOLSELEY's Madras servant in the Mutiny, and his mind was set on loot, not on glory. As for CHARLES GORDON, he had all the courages—the courage of instinct, of religion, of contempt of life. With ordinary men Lord WOLSELEY thinks it is only a sense of honour—the honour of the country, the county, the regiment—that enables them to face a deadly fire. All these influences, of course, are least felt by newly-levied armies—which is awkward.

THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition which has been opened to celebrate the centenary of the foundation of the colony of New South Wales must needs closely resemble the other Exhibitions with which the world is full. There will be the usual display of miscellaneous articles, more or less well arranged, and the customary diversions. The habitual preliminary oratory has already been got through. But in one respect the Exhibition will differ essentially from the great show which is to be held in Paris next year. It is not designed to celebrate a contentious matter. The French Revolution

profoundly divided all Frenchmen, and the divisions it created are not yet even in course of being healed. The settlement of Australia was an unmixed good to the civilized world, and can be regretted by nobody—except the unlucky natives; if, indeed, the few and diminishing survivors of the aborigines retain any memory of the time when they were the only occupiers of the country or are capable of realizing what the Exhibition is meant to celebrate. Australians have every reason to look back with satisfaction on the rapidity with which their country has progressed. Hardly a century and a quarter has passed since COOK, following his great and too-much neglected predecessor DAMPIER, sailed along the coast of Australia. Not a century has passed since Captain FLINDERS, a man nowise inferior in courage or enterprise either to the buccaneer and great writer of the seventeenth century or to the gallant and honest seaman of the eighteenth, finally cleared up what remained obscure in the form of the Australian coast. In that short period the country has been occupied by a population which now has attained to the proportions of a nation. Cities have been built which are among the finest in the world. Governments have been founded and organized, and Australia has been prepared for a prosperous future.

Australians may also reflect with satisfaction on the character as well as the speed of their progress. If their history has nothing in it so interesting as the first period of European settlement in America, or even as the struggle between France and England for Canada and the West, it is also free from bitter quarrels and angry divisions. The first attempt to settle on the continent was made in the mistaken old fashion. It was still thought that a colony could be founded with the refuse of the population of the mother-country when the first convicts were sent out to Botany Bay. But Australia suffered less from this error than some other of our colonies. Bond servants, as they were called, were sent to Virginia for longer and in larger numbers than to New South Wales. The colonists of the healthier stamp were soon able to reject the corrupt element. The settlers who went to Australia were also free from some of the bad qualities which afflicted the early history of the plantations of America. No part of the settlers were such pirates, broken men, and smugglers as the early inhabitants of North Carolina; neither was Australia ever soured by fanatics of the strong but acrid and narrow type of the founders of New England. No swarm of Protestants from North Ireland or Catholics from the South ever emigrated to Australia with a ready-made quarrel against the mother-country and a predisposition to carry on their own savage quarrels in their new home. Australia has been peopled by Englishmen and Scotchmen of the best type. The emigrants who went there were adventurous and honest. They and their descendants have accordingly been able to be at once independent and loyal in their dealings with the mother-country, and have lived in peace among themselves. Their beginning has been prosperous and healthy, and the energy of the Australians has been exclusively devoted to overcoming the difficulties of an arid and not very manageable country. Such an apprenticeship is perhaps not calculated to train a people for times of great difficulty, but happily there is nothing to show that the future of Australia may not be as undeviatingly prosperous as its past. Within the last few years we have seen the entire disappearance of the only cause which threatened the friendly union of the mother-country and her Australian Colonies. The school of economists and politicians who professed indifference to the continuance of the Imperial union has become entirely discredited. The value of the Colonies is fully recognized in England, and now that they are no longer told they may go when they like the Australians have ceased to express any desire to go at all. They assert, and have shown by their actions, that they value the continuance of the bond with the mother-country, and are assured that they will be able to develop their resources, and to live an individual life as an integral part of the Empire. The worst danger they have to fear is the consequence of their own somewhat lavish use of their great prosperity. Australia has forestalled its revenues very freely, and has spent its money with the lavish confidence of youth; but the colonial debts have not as yet overtaken the colonial resources, and in spite of occasional wild talk from insignificant people, there is no reason to suppose that any of the Australian Colonies will fail to profit, in the manner described by GEORGE WARRINGTON, from their liabilities. To the mother-country the prosperity of Aus-

tralia is a subject of unmixed satisfaction. It is hardly necessary to say so to the Australians. They know, and have shown that they know, how proud England is of them. As long as this feeling endures—and may it live for a thousand years!—there is no danger that the union will be broken, or that Australia will cease to be a very honourable member of the Empire.

A LITTLE MISTAKE IN THE NAME?

ON the principle that art has no connexion with morality, considerable credit is due to the Parnellites for the skill with which they have worked the "MANDEVILLE sensation." It was, of course, inevitable that the imposture should burst, as soon as the medical evidence adduced by the prison authorities came to be heard; and equally, of course, it was certain that, with those who kept their heads cool enough for the recollection of sundry important facts and dates, the sensation could not count upon even this temporary success. But men in general, as THUCYDIDES remarked plaintively some years ago, are not at all painstaking in the investigation of truth, and the sensation-loving newspaper-reader in particular regards facts and dates with absolute indifference; so that, on the whole, the ingenious authors of "the Murder of MANDEVILLE" could reckon pretty confidently on that sort of reception for their romance which may always be expected for the kind of story that is good until another has been told. They had their sympathetic Coroner and their enthusiastic jury, their remorseful warder—as convenient a person on these occasions as the repentant Royal Irish Constable—and their patriotic doctor, who is also a visiting justice, and they were naturally able to make play with these personages for several days together with no little effect upon the gallery. It was no fault of theirs that their whole fabric of fiction was shattered by a single witness on the other side; but that they are conscious of the fact is sufficiently evident from the fury with which they have fallen upon Dr. BARR—a medical authority whose testimony, altogether apart from his official position, not only carries more weight than that of the experts, or so-called experts, opposed to him, but conspicuously proved itself, under the tests of a most hostile cross-examination, to have been founded on a far more intimate acquaintance than theirs with the particular phenomena of disease which were in question in the case. We may take it as tolerably certain that Dr. BARR's evidence has reassured even the most easily impressed of that little body of impressionable persons in the country who have listened to Irish declamation instead of studying the facts of the case for themselves. Even to these persons it must now be clear—first, that Mr. MANDEVILLE, so far from being treated with exceptional harshness at Tullamore Gaol, received more indulgence than most refractory prisoners would have received in like circumstances; secondly, that, except in so far as he was refractory, and for the necessary purposes of corrective discipline, he underwent no discomfort or inconvenience; and, lastly, that, though he no doubt did undergo, or rather inflict upon himself, more or less severe discomfort for a short space of time in consequence of his refractoriness, there is not the least reason for supposing that an imprisonment that came to an end in January 1888 had the slightest causal connexion with a death which took place in July of the same year after an acute attack of inflammatory disease which usually runs its course, to death or abatement, in about ten days.

But, though there has most assuredly been no murder in Mr. MANDEVILLE's case, we should be very reluctant to say at this moment that no person recently within the walls of Tullamore Gaol has been done to death by means amounting morally to that crime. Before committing ourselves to any such assertion, we prefer to wait and see what verdict a coroner's jury—even an Irish coroner's jury—will return on the death of Dr. RIDLEY. So far as the inquiry has proceeded at present it would be, at any rate, rash to say that the unfortunate medical officer's suicide was absolutely unconnected with any proceeding of the party who are so free with their unfounded charges of murder against other people. Dr. BARR, for instance, appears to trace such a connexion; so also did the unhappy man's father; and Dr. MACCABE, the Prison Board Inspector, and Mr. GOODBODY and Mr. DIGBY, visiting justices, and Captain FETHERSTONHAUGH, the governor of the gaol. More than one of these witnesses depose that

the deceased actually went so far in his perversity as to impute to the patriotic Dr. MOORHEAD, the doctor and visiting justice, the desire to combine patriotism with business, and while coming to the aid of the Tullamore martyrs, to supplant Dr. RIDLEY at the same time in his professional practice. And all of the witnesses agree that the deceased—who was evidently not of the stuff which an Irishman should be composed of who has to do his duty in the teeth of Parnellism—took greatly to heart the loss of popularity which he had incurred, and the actual loss of livelihood which he thought he had reason to apprehend. So that, on the whole, one might say of Dr. RIDLEY's suicide that it bears a curious resemblance—we would not for worlds go further than that at the present stage of matters—to an act of self-destruction forced upon a man of weak nerve and desponding temperament by intolerable persecution. In short, we await the conclusion of the inquest with the greatest interest and with much curiosity, whether it will or will not confirm the suspicion that those who have been talking about a man murdered at Tullamore have made a little mistake in the name.

THE NOTTINGHAM CASE.

WE are not surprised to find that the remarks we recently thought it our duty to make upon the case of Canon DOUGLASS and the children he was accused of kidnapping—for that is what it practically came to—have excited some attention at Nottingham. Since our article appeared the Queen's Bench Division has made an order that the Town Council of Nottingham, which intervened in the matter, shall pay the costs of Canon DOUGLASS as well as its own. The ratepayers are, therefore, even more interested in the question than they were before. The decision of the Court is perfectly, and indeed obviously, just. Canon DOUGLASS had been guilty of no misconduct whatever, and he had lawful possession of the child. There was no pretence for claiming a writ of *habeas corpus*, and no ground whatever for impeaching the validity of the father's will. It would have been monstrous if Canon DOUGLASS had been put to heavy expense for defending his character and showing fidelity to his trust. At a meeting of the Forest Ward Conservative Association, held in Nottingham last week, Mr. ADCOCK, the Chairman, denied that the Watch Committee were responsible for the case. We never said they were. We know nothing about the Watch Committee, but we presume that it has only delegated powers. Our criticisms were founded upon the admissions of counsel for the BRINKLEY family, made in answer to the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, that they really appeared for the Corporation of Nottingham. Mr. ADCOCK proceeded to say, on the authority of the Mayor, that his Worship and five or six other gentlemen "were responsible, and would find the money." If that were so, nothing more could be said, except that these benevolent, and rather officious, persons might possibly have subjected themselves to an action for "maintenance." But Mr. ADCOCK went on to observe, somewhat inconsistently, that "the Watch Committee went no further than getting a *habeas corpus*, and that would cost the ratepayers something like 20*l.*" We do not quite understand what this means. The application for a *habeas corpus* resulted in the trial of an issue before Lord COLERIDGE and a special jury, at which the defendants indulged themselves in the expensive luxury of Sir HENRY JAMES. If the Seven against Rome paid Sir HENRY's fees, they might have thrown in the 20*l.* as readily as Mr. MANTALINI anathematized the halfpenny. If they did not, Mr. ADCOCK must have omitted a cipher in his calculation. His speech must, in any case, have been made before the costs of Canon DOUGLASS were added to the scale.

At the same meeting another gentleman, Mr. MARK MELLERS, said "it was not the case, as the *Saturday Review* assumed, that the borough Auditors had power to surcharge the Corporation." We did not make the assumption thus attributed to us. Our words were as follows:—"Auditors represent the interests of the ratepayers, and are independent of the municipal authorities. If the members of the Council are not surcharged with the expenses of their foolish action, in which they had no earthly concern, we shall be much surprised." So we shall. But it is quite true that the system of auditing borough accounts is grossly defective, and if this case leads to an improvement in that respect we shall congratulate ourselves upon our share in promoting so desirable a

reform. Boards of Health, School Boards, and other district bodies are subject to the financial supervision of the Local Government Board. For this purpose the country is mapped out into more or less convenient areas, in each of which an Auditor responsible to the Local Government Board exercises jurisdiction. These Auditors have ample powers, and if the bodies subject to them spend money improperly—that is to say, illegally—they are promptly surcharged, and the erring individuals have to pay out of their own pockets. This admirable arrangement, which, while it does not absolutely prevent extravagance, yet limits the opportunities of expenditure, and secures obedience to the law, has been wisely applied to the new County Councils in the Bill now before the House of Lords. Municipal Corporations, on the other hand, are totally exempt from it. No department of the Government has any control over their finances whatever. This would be of small importance if they had an efficient audit of their own. But they have not. There are, we believe, three Auditors for every borough, two appointed by the Mayor and one elected by the burgesses. But they have no authority to disallow any payment as *ultra vires*. Their duty begins and ends with testing the accuracy of the figures laid before them. Aggrieved ratepayers who think they are being saddled with liabilities which their representatives had no right to incur on their behalf must go through the cumbrous process of applying for a *mandamus* to the High Court of Justice. No doubt the remedy is efficacious enough in the long run. But it is slow where it ought to be quick, dear where it ought to be cheap, and complicated where it ought to be simple.

THE REGENT'S PARK MURDER.

THE conviction of GALLETTY for the murder of JOSEPH RUMBOLD, and the acquittal of his seven companions on the capital charge, is on the whole a more satisfactory result of the trial than might have been anticipated. It is something that the jury have seen their way to finding a verdict which implies the existence of a less shocking state of things in London than it at first seemed likely, or at any rate possible, that the case would disclose. To have had it proved that these eight youths, of whom the eldest is only eighteen and the youngest not more than fifteen, deliberately set out with the intention of taking vengeance on one of "the Marylebone chaps"—not being very particular which—by an assassination would have been, to put it in the mildest terms, extremely disagreeable. It would not have been pleasant even to have had demonstration of the fact that these young roughs were collectively prepared to "cut and maim," if they did not actually contemplate taking life. The verdict of the jury, however—who may, it is true, have been slightly influenced by the youth of the prisoners, but who seem, on the whole, to have taken a reasonable view of the evidence—entirely negatives both these assumptions. As regards six of the prisoners, indeed, Mr. Justice HAWKINS directed an acquittal; but the case of LEE, who lent GALLETTY the knife, was reserved for the consideration of the jury; and the fact that, after only half an hour's deliberation, they acquitted the prisoner, goes far to show that they regarded the crime as quite unpremeditated as regards anybody but its actual perpetrator; while even the case against him is, to a certain extent, mitigated by the acquittal of LEE. For, if it could be reasonably held that LEE had no ground for suspecting that GALLETTY intended to use the knife for a murderous purpose, it follows that the designs of the latter, if they existed, must have been concealed by him with a reserve so much beyond his years as to suggest the natural doubt whether they really did exist for concealment. On the whole, it is probable that GALLETTY himself had no deadly intent in striking the fatal blow, though his act is of course murder, and sentence has been passed upon him accordingly.

What course may be pursued by the HOME SECRETARY with respect to the jury's strong recommendation of the convict to mercy on account of his youth we do not know. The absence of premeditation, so far as the whole party were concerned, and its probable absence in the case of GALLETTY himself, are of course points which may be expected to weigh with Mr. MATTHEWS. We trust, however, that the consideration of the prisoner's youth, if it avail to save him from the execution of the capital sentence, will not be pressed any further than that. The truth is

that there is no portion of the London population to whom there is more urgent need of reading a severe lesson than the class of young roughs of ages varying from sixteen to twenty. Their reckless brutality, and the indifference with which they are prepared to skirt the edge of murder if they do not actually commit it, are features in their character in which they need not fear comparison with ruffians of twice their age. Many parts of London are made almost uninhabitable at certain hours by this rowdy and half-savage element of the community, and now that the hand of the law has an opportunity of coming sharply down upon them, we trust that it will not be lost.

THE CONVICTION OF THE GREENWAYS.

THE case of Messrs. GREENWAY, the well-known bankers at Warwick, ended, as might have been expected, in the conviction of two partners, one of whom has been sentenced to penal servitude for five years, and the other to hard labour for twelve months. Both punishments are sufficiently terrible for men of social position and liberal education. But it is, unfortunately, impossible for the most indulgent charity to contend that they are too harsh, and indeed if Mr. Justice WILLS erred at all in the exercise of his judicial discretion, it was in the comparative leniency which he extended to KELYNGE GREENWAY, who, however, had only been found guilty of a misdemeanour. The facts of this deplorable catastrophe, which caused so much ruin and distress in Warwick and Leamington, were fully disclosed at the investigation before the County Court Judge after the failure of the bank, and it was plain from the first that dishonesty, and not mere recklessness, would be proved. The utmost indignation was naturally excited in the district, and pressure, which should not have been required, was put upon the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE in the House of Commons to institute, or to make the Treasury institute, a criminal prosecution. Compassion would in the circumstances be wasted upon the GREENWAYS, and had better be reserved for their unfortunate victims. The proceedings at the Warwick Assizes were rather complicated, and both brothers were acquitted of the first charge brought against them. This was an indictment under the Fraudulent Trustee Act, based upon certain dealings with the marriage settlement of Dr. and Mrs. KINGSLEY, for which KELYNGE GREENWAY was one of the two surviving trustees. Part of the trust property was sold, and the purchase-money paid into GREENWAYS' bank about seven years ago. This money, in which he had of course no beneficial interest, was borrowed by GEORGE GREENWAY, who deposited as security for it a number of shares in the Dudley and Stonebridge Tramways Company. Mr. Justice WILLS observed that he had hardly ever, in all his long experience, known a case where borrowing trust-money did not end in ruin and exposure. As, however, GEORGE GREENWAY, though solicitor to the trust, and also a member of the banking firm, was not himself a trustee, the charge against him broke down. It failed against KELYNGE GREENWAY, because, though he was a trustee, and also, like GEORGE, a director of the Tramway Company, it was not proved that he knew, or that he was bound to know, of the transfer. The shares were, in fact, given by KELYNGE in a sealed envelope, directed by GEORGE to the manager of the Leamington branch of the bank, and this envelope was not opened till after the bankruptcy. By that time all the shares, including those in the envelope, had been sold.

Local juries are sometimes in these cases supposed to be prejudiced, not unnaturally, against the accused. But the failure of the first indictment, which was due to the interposition of the Bench, shows that Mr. Justice WILLS was determined to protect the prisoners against the possibility of an improper conviction. The technical offence ultimately brought home to GEORGE GREENWAY was larceny, but larceny of a very aggravated kind. He was, indeed, found guilty of stealing the shares in the Tramway Company to which reference has already been made. These shares were not his property, but the property of the KINGSLEY Trustees. Nevertheless, he sold them to various purchasers, and paid the proceeds in to his own private account at the bank. His account was considerably overdrawn, but he did not apply these sums to the reduction of his indebtedness. A worse instance of swindling could scarcely be imagined; for this solicitor and trustee was

not only plundering those whose interests he had pledged himself to serve, but cheating his ordinary creditors as well. It is lucky for him that five years' penal servitude should be the heaviest punishment for larceny which the law allows. KELYNGE GREENWAY's crime was the misappropriation of a colonial bill of exchange for 1,200*l*. The bill was paid in by Mr. COWPER, a customer of the bank, on the 15th of August, 1887. KELYNGE GREENWAY immediately endorsed it, and sent it to GLYN's, where the GREENWAYS' account was overdrawn to the extent of nearly 6,000*l*. Early in September the bank failed, and when Mr. COWPER asked for his bill he was too late. For such a gross and wanton fraud the sentence of a year's imprisonment is certainly not too severe, even if it be severe enough. It is difficult for any one not a resident in the neighbourhood to realize the anxiety and misery which the failure of a firm like the GREENWAYS entails upon all classes of society. One result of this particular calamity, which must have begun in carelessness, though it ended in something far worse, will be to raise once more the question whether private banks should be any longer permitted to issue notes for circulation. We are aware that the privilege is restricted to those firms which were in existence before the Bank Charter Act of 1844, and vested rights ought not to be readily disregarded. It is also true that the notes of country banks are not a legal tender. But they are practically accepted as such, they cannot afterwards be repudiated by any one who has taken them, and the consequences of their suddenly becoming waste paper are incalculably mischievous. The point is well worthy to be considered by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and by Parliament.

THE PARNELLITES AND THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.

IT is, or it would be, if contemporary politics left room for that emotion, a surprising circumstance that it should be difficult for us to discuss the debate on the Committee stage of the Parnellite Commission Bill without becoming simply commentators on a series of Parliamentary "scenes." We do not of course mean to say that there is anything in itself surprising in the association of scenes with Parnellites. What is wonderful in the matter is, that in this debate of all debates in the world, care should not have been taken to give the public no new illustration of the well-known affinity between the men and the thing. For if ever a political party were placed in a position in which not only the acquired habits of a politician, but the natural instincts of an honest man, might have been expected to counsel calmness of demeanour and moderation of language, that position is now occupied by Mr. PARNELL and his staff. How very different a kind of behaviour it appears to have suggested to them let the Parliamentary reports of the last week declare. On what may be called the æsthetic aspect of the proceedings therein recorded we have elsewhere something to say. Here we shall no further touch upon this part of the matter than so far as it bears upon those eminently legitimate inferences as to the strength or weakness of a case which are to be drawn from the conduct of those whose case it is. With the moral character of this conduct, with the discredit which may attach to those who are guilty of it or who abet or encourage it, we shall not for the moment concern ourselves. We shall not inquire whether Mr. PARNELL and his comrades really believed that Mr. Justice DAY is incapable of impartially adjudicating on their case, or whether Mr. GLADSTONE either shared any such belief himself or could even have sincerely attributed it to his ally. Nor shall we hazard any explanatory theory of the extraordinary mental and moral aberration under which Mr. MORLEY read Mr. ADAMS's letter to the House. We shall not plunge into the intricacies of the absolutely irrelevant quarrel got up by Mr. PARNELL with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN—having indeed the less reason to do so since the appearance of Mr. O'SHEA's amiably destructive account of the relations between the two men in 1882-85. And we shall equally forbear from any serious discussion of the foolishly insulting charge against the Government of having varied the form of the reference to the Commission at the instance of Mr. WALTER—charges insinuated afresh, we regret to say, by Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, not only in defiance of the honourable conventions which used at one time to prevail between the two front benches, but also in dis-

regard of the most minute and detailed refutation of them on the part of Mr. BALFOUR.

With all these matters we are concerned in this place only so far as they bear upon the inferential argument above referred to; and for the purposes of this argument we might even make the Gladstonians and Parnellites the very handsome present of a formal admission of their *bona fides* with reference even to the most monstrous topics of prejudice which they have endeavoured to raise. We might assume them to be convinced that Mr. Justice DAY is a "TORQUEMADA," who believes the Parnellites "guilty of any crime"; that Mr. SMITH is the mere mouthpiece of the proprietor of the *Times*; that the words "and other persons" were added at the instigation of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and after his brief in "O'DONNELL & WALTER" had been submitted to the Cabinet Council of July 12 (it is as well to make the story complete while one is about it); and that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN—if he will excuse our argumentatively making the assumption—has betrayed in turn his colleagues and Mr. PARNELL. Suppose that all these calumnious imputations were as plausible as they are in fact preposterous, and we have still to ask whether it was to be expected that men bent on clearing themselves from unfounded charges of the most terrible character would waste hour after hour and night after night in not only iterating and reiterating the imputations aforesaid, but in working themselves up into a sort of frenzy in the process. Mr. PARNELL's last speech at half-past two on Wednesday morning was scarcely coherent in its wild denunciations of the "cowardice," the "meanness," the "injustice" of a Government who are simply providing him with the means of an inquiry which he has for a year past professed at intervals the utmost eagerness to obtain. We have every desire to be fair to Mr. PARNELL, and we quite admit that his acceptance of the inquiry before a Commission did not in any way preclude him from criticizing the terms of reference and objecting on this or the other point of procedure. But his manner alone forbids the notion that his attitude is that of the mere critic and objector, even of the deeply-interested critic and objector, as regards the details of the legislation. Much of his opposition, and that of his friends, to the Bill was openly based upon pure matters of prejudice—attacks upon this person and that—without any serious attempt to show in what way their conduct, be it good, bad, or indifferent, has prejudiced his own position. And where the objection goes or professes to go "to the merits," it has been persisted in beyond all sense and reason, and with a vehemence absolutely inconsistent with the attitude which Mr. PARNELL represented himself as assuming at the outset of the affair.

Let any one apply this remark to the series of amendments which have been moved by Gladstonians, with the object of limiting the inquiry in one direction or another. It will in every case be found that, when the amendment under consideration is not absolutely frivolous, it aims at something which is either actually opposed to the true interests of men seeking to vindicate their characters, or is of such infinitely minor importance as compared with the vindication of character, that men so situated might have been expected to grudge it even a ten minutes' discussion. Take as an instance of the former kind the proposal that the charges and allegations contained in "Parnellism and Crime" should be defined in a schedule, and the inquiry strictly limited to them. Surely one might have supposed it to be obvious to Mr. PARNELL that, in supporting such an amendment as this, he was voluntarily placing himself in the position which he has always repudiated—that of defendant in a criminal proceeding. It is only a defendant in such proceedings who can possibly want the charges against him defined. A plaintiff in an action for libel—which is the position Mr. PARNELL claims for himself—would always much prefer that the libeller should define his own charges, in order that the libelled may be sure that none have been omitted, and that his refutation goes to them all. Suppose that the Government had been ill advised enough to collect and schedule certain charges from "Parnellism and Crime," and that on these the Commission acquitted Mr. PARNELL. And suppose, then, that the *Times*—as it would have a perfect right to do, if, indeed, its conductors did not, as they would have an equal right to do, decline to appear at all as parties if their case was to be stated for them by somebody else—suppose, we say, that the *Times* were afterwards to frame its own series of charges from its own pamphlet, and, on the unanswerable ground

that the Commission had never been allowed to adjudicate upon them, declare that Mr. PARNELL and his associates still stood unpurged of them. What good, in that case, would the Commission have done him? or to what extent would it have procured him that clean bill of moral and political health which he professedly wishes to obtain? So, again, of the cognate proposal to schedule the names of the persons charged. Surely here, too, one might have expected an indignant protest against a course which would enable the alleged libeller to say afterwards that he was not admitted to prove his case against all the persons whom he attacked and intended to attack. Both these two amendments are absolutely opposed to the true interests of the Parnellites, considered as men seeking to repel unfounded charges. Or look, again, at the amendment proposing to omit the words "and other persons," and compare the advantages to the Parnellites of the introduction of these words with the disadvantages. It is loudly complained on their behalf that it will open the door to an indefinite, if not an interminable, inquiry, involving heavy expenses and trouble to themselves. On the other hand, it is the one certain way of procuring them such an acquittal as will differ from a mere verdict of "not proven." It is the one sure method of establishing their innocence by that most decisive of all proofs—the exposure of the actually guilty.

As for their behaviour last Thursday night—their deliberate waste of the time which they might have been bestowing on amendments they pretended to regard as vital—it speaks for itself, and very damaging, indeed, to them is the character of its utterance. We are as anxious as any one can be to avoid prejudging the case against Mr. PARNELL and his associates; but, if this is difficult—and it is very difficult—to avoid, then the reason is to be found in the extraordinary attitude which they themselves and their allies above the gangway have thought fit to assume. Injured innocence in screaming hysterics, conscious rectitude foaming at the mouth with the rage of terror, the thrice-armed champion of a just cause scrutinizing the minutest points of his harness in an apparent agony of apprehension, and catching up any weapon, fair or unfair, to attack his adversary—these are paradoxical spectacles which no one has a right to present to the public unless he is prepared for misconstruction.

FROM BAGHDAD TO THE PERSIAN FRONTIER.

THE lounging and ragged guard at the South Gate stare solidly at the traveller as he rides out of Baghdad. Turning his back on the Tigris, he sets his face eastward, and, skirting the ruined ramparts of the town, is soon out on the boundless plain, where Persia lies across the receding horizon. Spring is, of course, the time to make the journey, and at that time of the year nothing can exceed the charm of that desert ride. The mellow atmosphere melts and mingles away on the far horizon, softening the glare of the middle distance into the loveliest tints; the wonderful purity and transparency of the desert air is exhilarating, inspiring. The softest and greenest of turf is beneath the horse's feet, and at every step aromatic herbs shed their fragrance crushed out under the iron hoofs. Fifteen hundred years ago a Roman army marched hither and thither through these solitudes, harassed by a foe they could neither evade nor conquer. Eight hours from Baghdad a bridge of boats crosses the Delos, now the Diyala, on the banks of which the ill-fated Julian harangued and fought and "anxiously balanced the hope of safety or success, without obtaining a satisfactory answer either from gods or men." He met his death not much more than a day's march to the north, near the Shi'ah shrine of Samarra. Bakuba, a busy, thriving little town, lies across the bridge, embowered in gardens. The inhabitants, as we shall find to be the case in all the small towns along the route across the frontier, make their living chiefly out of the Persian pilgrims to the shrines, and are noted for their rapacity. An Englishman, however, is a richer prize than a Persian, and he will find the best room in the khān, or caravanserai, placed at his disposal. There is generally an upper room, a little bit cleaner and in better repair than the open recesses ranged round the thronged and dirty courtyard below, where beasts and men mingle in inextricable confusion, and raise a Babel of uproar. Hotels in this country are not yet. The enterprising Greek, who sets up his "Locanda" in Egypt and Syria and Asia Minor, has not yet penetrated to these regions. The comparative comfort and cleanliness of the traveller's bungalow in India, with its resourceful Khansamah and ready fowl for the pot, will only occur as a regretful recollection to him whose lot it has been to travel in out-of-the-way parts of that country. Nevertheless, there are worse places than the "bāla-khāna" of a Persian caravanserai, when once the floor has been carefully swept and the travelling carpet spread thereon well in the centre of the room, and your

boy returns from the bazar with a plentiful supply of wholesome fresh bread—in the form of "snap-jacks"—fresh butter, cheese, and new-laid eggs, and a pot of steaming black coffee from the neighbouring coffee-shop. An old traveller will, of course, see to his horses before attending to his own wants; and, if he is wise, he will leave the muleteers to look after their own beasts in their own way. The pot is put on for dinner. And then, despite the hubbub all round, a few hours of sweet sleep, and you rise (or ought to rise) rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. A couple of Persian krauns (about a shilling) is princely pay for lodging for man and beast, and there is always the caravanserai at the end of each stage. Sometimes (but not often) it is better avoided. But, unless a friendly garden offers its shade, some peasant's hut is the only other alternative; and the caravanserai must be in a very wretched and filthy state indeed to make that alternative preferable.

From Bakuba until the frontier is crossed and the road divides at Kermanshah the traveller need no longer "pursue his solitary way," unless he prefers his own society to that of the somewhat mixed company he is sure to fall in with from day to day. Nine hours over the bare, undulating plain, with a gradual, almost imperceptible, rise, and, if one knows where to look for it, the outline of a massive structure may be dimly discerned away on the low ground to the south, in the direction of Ctesiphon, marking what is probably the site of Dastagerd, the favourite palace of that magnificent savage Chosroes II. It is Zindan, rarely seen of travellers, and almost unknown except to the wandering Arabs, who pitch their tents on the fertile plain at its base, and tell in awe-struck tones of the fabulous wealth in its hidden vaults, guarded by jinns and demons. You may ride round its massive bastions and up the inclined plane to the summit seeking in vain for an entrance, and not even the cupidity of Arab guides will tempt them to explore a dark and narrow shaft sunk from the roof which seems to promise access to the interior, and ends in a blank wall built across the passage. At Shahrābān, the next halting-place, almost every other house is a caravanserai. There is a shady garden in the interior of one of these where the weary traveller may spread the carpet under the fragrant orange-trees and be soothed to slumber by the gurgle of running water. Immediately after leaving Shahrābān the road crosses the Hausin range, a low limestone ridge running in a north-westerly direction until it is lost in the Shammar country between the Tigris and Euphrates; the Tigris has cut its way through it in a deep gorge just below Kerkouk. The steep zigzag path, winding between huge boulders and descending into the deep-cut valleys, reveals some very pretty scenery which offers a pleasing variety after the Baghdad plains. On the other side of the ridge the little town of Chosro-abād (usually given in maps as Kyzilrobat) stands in the centre of a fertile plain dotted over with the black tents of the Arabs.

Between Chosro-abād and the Turkish frontier town of Khanakin is an exceedingly pretty bit of road. Another low range of hills is crossed, an offshoot from the great Kurdistan range, whose snowy summits now begin to appear. The air is musical with the tinkling of mule-bells; at every turn a caravan, long trains of heavily-laden mules or a company of pilgrims, the men, armed to the teeth with miscellaneous collections of mediæval weapons, mostly riding in front, and the women, closely veiled and looking like bundles, bringing up the rear in their mule-panniers. The view from the top of the ridge is superb. To the north the level plain stretches away until it is lost in the haze of the horizon, where a thread of silver reveals the upper course of the Diyala. In front, and stretching away to the south, the great wall of the frontier-range raises its buttressed masses, tier upon tier, the misty blue of the nearer summits capped by the sparkling snow-clad peaks beyond. It is slow work riding down that long and apparently endless descent; and Khanakin, where is refreshment for man and beast, betrays not a trace of its presence. Surely it is not among those distant mountains? A sudden quickening of pace among the lagging beasts, thirsty muleteers make a push to the front, and lo! there, in a cup-like hollow, lies Khanakin, in its green setting of gardens and groves; and a rushing, roaring river encircles town and gardens in a fertilizing embrace. Some ruined arches of a once handsome stone bridge only serve to emphasize the present danger and difficulty of the ford; the traveller is lucky if, in addition to the risk of being drowned, he has not to wait until the river goes down enough to be fordable. Khanakin is the last town in Turkish territory before crossing the frontier. The population, numbering about ten thousand, is composed of Arabs, Kurds, Persians, and Jews. The latter, numbering about two hundred families, have all the trade and finance of the place in their hands, and are treated and regarded as pariahs. On a Saturday they may be seen in their bright-coloured gala dresses and turbans perambulating the gardens on the outskirts of the town, or seated in groups drinking themselves drunk with date spirit. The Kurdish element begins here to be a noticeable feature. The women, discarding the hideous wrapper of presumably more civilized or orthodox Islam, move freely about with unveiled faces, and their picturesque costume—a long tunic with sleeves, worn open at the front over a loose hanging gown, and a little gay-coloured cap or fez perched jauntily forward on the head—sets off their lithe and graceful figures and somewhat gipsy style of beauty to the best advantage. There is a choice of caravanserais, as usual; the best is outside the town, close to the quarantine station. A Turkish official will speedily introduce himself to the distinguished stranger, pre-

sumably to make inquiries about passports. A judicious application of bakhshish will not only smooth over these little official formalities, but secure the official person's services as guide, philosopher, and friend as long as the traveller chooses to honour Khanakin with his presence. If he cares to explore the town he will find it filthy and malodorous in the extreme, and will probably prefer a ramble through the shady gardens, ill-kept and jungly, but full of fragrance and the song of birds. Or he may take a stroll by the foaming Helwand, whose acquaintance he has yet further to make on the morrow's march.

We are on the bounds of Turkey in Asia, and in an hour and a half shall pass the boundary line of the two empires. There is nothing to mark the change except a solitary and dilapidated round tower on a sharp eminence commanding the road, which winds up to it through a picturesque glade on either side. The guard, half-a-dozen ragged Turkish soldiers, lounge lazily into view at the unwonted sight of a Feringee traveller. The mountains of Media (in modern parlance Kurdistan) are approached by a broken and gradually increasing series of ascents varied by occasional descents into winding valleys. There are as yet no trees, and only where the Helwand dashes over its winding and rocky bed at the bottom of some deep valley are there found occasional patches of scrub. But the universal green that covers hill and valley, the vivid patches of colour where wild flowers have capriciously taken it into their heads to grow, the blended beauty of earth and sky on the far horizon, where fleecy clouds mingle with the faint contour of the snowy peaks, the shaded tints on the nearer summits, all combine to make a spring morning's ride through these Kurdish wilds one of the most enjoyable of experiences (and memories) to the wanderer over whom the mystic East has cast its subtle spell. And has he not trod the very ground where Assyrians and Babylonians, Medes and Persians raised the monuments of their fame, and where the armies of Greece and Rome avenged the long centuries of ruthless despotism? A man must be utterly ignorant or utterly given over to the modern cynic mind if the *genius loci* fail to cast its spell over him on such ground as this, where every step has its associations of sacred and profane history. For the second time in the course of a morning's ride the Helwand is forded; on the brow of a hill on the other side is the mountain fastness of Jawā Mir, the dreaded chief of the Hamavends, and the huts of the Kurdish village of Kasr Shirin cluster round its base.

There is no name more dreaded and more potent throughout Kurdistan and its borders than that of this robber chief. He holds brevet rank as a general in the Persian army, and from his secure retreat just within the frontier can raid and harry at his pleasure on every caravan road on the border. When the Hamavends are known to be out, the traffic on the great Northern routes which skirt the base of the Kurdistan range is suspended until the Wali of Baghdad is goaded into sending out a little army—a late expedition consisted of a thousand men and two guns—which generally returns ignominiously with a string of captives, miserable Kurdish peasants dragged from their fields; while the real brigands have got safely across the frontier, and are sharing the plunder with their chief, the Persian general. The latter, of course, never takes part in these forays. The late Wali of Baghdad used to recount truly or falsely the tale of a plundered Turkish convoy and five thousand Turkish pounds shared between General Jawā Mir and H.R.H. the Zil-i-Sultan, Governor of Ispahan. But guests who bring proper credentials will find a royal welcome at the castle of this Kurdish despot. The open and airy "Diwān Khāna" outside the loopholed walls will be spread with the softest of Persian carpets, and crowds of armed retainers—each man with a Martini rifle slung across his shoulders—will busy themselves with the Samavar and the coffee-pot and the pipes and all the complicated apparatus of hospitality in the East; while Jawā Mir himself will recount his battles and his exploits, only too glad to have found an appreciative listener. At sunset arms will be hung up, and from seventy to a hundred hungry Kurds will seat themselves cross-legged on the floor in two rows, the host and his guests in the place of honour in the centre, and huge tray after tray of smoking viands will disappear as if by magic. The traveller who can boast of having enjoyed Jawā Mir's hospitality will find this fact the best passport throughout the whole of Kurdistan.

It is at Kasr Shirin that Porter and Kinneir have located Dastagerd, the royal palace and park of Chosroes II. The question is too long to go into in the course of a brief article. It may suffice to say that the identification of this, and of many other places of historical interest in these ancient lands, awaits the "learned leisure" of the skilled explorer. The passing traveller may hazard a likely conjecture, but he is very likely to be deficient in the intimate local knowledge which would alone enable him to speak with certainty. Zindan, previously mentioned, has hitherto escaped the attentions of travellers, but the lucky *savant* to whose lot it falls to explore those wonderful remains will probably find a richer reward than the barren identification of the palace, captured and plundered by Heraclius. The ruins at Kasr Shirin consist of two groups, one evidently of considerably greater antiquity than the other. The former is known locally as the "kasr" or fort of Chosroes, and the latter as the "kasr" of Yazdegerd. Local tradition, which in the East is always of the most vague and confused description, also connects the older and more extensive group of ruins with Zardusht, who is said to have raised here the primitive temple of the Magi, afterwards eclipsed by the royal splendours of Pasargadē. It is likely enough that this ex-

tensive and broken mountain plateau, commanding almost the only accessible pass through the mountains of Media into Persia proper, has been held as a fortified mountain fastness from the very first. But it is extremely unlikely that Persian monarchs, with their well-known predilection for huge palaces, piled upon tiers of lofty terraces on the edge or in the centre of fertile plains—witness Pasargadē, Persepolis, Shapoor, Ctesiphon, and the ruins called "Zindan"—when once their power was fully established, ever chose this rugged and rocky tract for a royal residence. The ruins themselves, long lines of massive walls enclosing a barren space, show no traces of regal splendour. Here, however, having crossed the frontier, we will take our leave of Jawā Mir and his ferocious-looking clansmen, and pass on with the parting benediction of "Khuda Hafiz"—"God be with you!" lingering in our ears.

MAD OR GUILTY?

WE ventured last week, in commenting on the Charges and Allegations Bill, to hint a mild and expectant wonder as to the point which the excitement of the Parnellites, of all complexions, would reach. The progress of the debate has certainly not disappointed us. In a tolerably wide experience of literature, we do not remember anything precisely parallel to the increasing transports of rage and fear which have been shown in this interesting performance. Those who were brought up "strictly" in their youth may recollect certain grisly pictures of the deaths of naughty men—Mr. John Morley will remember the literature of Voltaire's departure, for instance—to which the scenes in the House of Commons on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday present some analogy. The attentive student of fiction, too, will find in *Ivanhoe* and *Frank Fairleigh* some instructive passages for collation. But sober political history is not fertile in similar parallels. The effect must have been striking enough, to all persons who possess a mind's eye, even as revealed in instalments at the breakfast-table; but, to appreciate it in full, the trouble ("which will," as the guide-books say, "be well repaid") should be taken of reading the debate consecutively, and so getting the total impression. It is a most curious and interesting one, needing a Tacitus to sum it up, a Carlyle or a Michelet to go through it, showman fashion, with pointing stick in hand. It began on Monday with the attempt made to throw mud at one (apparently it was not thought prudent to throw it at more than one) of the judges selected, and a very pretty spectacle this mud-throwing was. It began with tolerable coolness, and might have continued at the same temperature but for Mr. Morley's astounding manœuvre of keeping a private letter in his pocket for three days, and then springing it on the Government—a letter, too, which the producer a very few years ago would certainly have put in his waste-paper basket. Mr. Morley has been Chief Secretary for Ireland, he is an exceptionally well-read man, and he ought to be a man of the world, and yet he thinks that the assertion of an Irish partisan that somebody with whom he does not agree is a seventeenth-century-Torquemada-highflying-Tory is evidence. Certainly it came well in connexion with the other things said at the same time; but the fact that such stuff should have been produced at all showed the temper in which the Parnellites were and the kind of straw at which they would clutch. Even so, however, things were, it would seem, dangerously cool, in the estimation of Sir William Harcourt. Members might have been able to attend to the subject; and that, of course, could not be permitted. So Sir William contributed to the harmony of the discussion, and illustrated the temper in which harmonious discussions ought to be carried on by remarking that he "would continue when the Under-Secretary for India had made up his mind to observe the ordinary courtesies of debate," meaning thereby that poor Sir John Gorst had actually smiled. Even this, however, did not poke up the Ministerialists, who, as Mr. Illingworth ruefully remarked, were "in a perpetual grin." So Mr. Gladstone himself came to the rescue, in the rather eccentric fashion of contradicting Mr. Lowther flatly because Mr. Lowther said something of Sir William Harcourt which Sir William acknowledged to be true. And still the Ministerialists laughed. It was only when Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. Chamberlain had spoken that the attempts of the Parnellites to produce a really admired disorder succeeded; and then they had to resort to *les grands moyens*. Mr. Parnell's ingeniously interrupted burst of rage against Mr. Chamberlain led up to the "Judas" incident. On this it is surely unnecessary to comment. If Mr. Chamberlain is Judas, it might be a little interesting to ask Mr. O'Connor to cast the rest of the piece; but that is a refinement. And it must be equally unnecessary to characterize in serious terms of any elaboration an outrage on decency which condemns itself. What is important is to point out that such an outrage could but have one, or perhaps both, of two causes—the smart, that is to say, of Mr. Chamberlain's recent speeches on the subject, and the hope to divert, if only for a moment, the impending doom.

It might have seemed difficult for Tuesday to keep up Monday's promise, but the performance surpassed (again to use terms beloved of many) the most sanguine expectations. By the ingenious arrangement of the night before Mr. Parnell, though he actually spoke afterwards, had been "left speaking," and he continued his tirade against Mr. Chamberlain with all the

advantages both of baited expectation and of the "Judas" scene. Committee admitting of a somewhat prolonged wrangle between the two, the House was got, of course, into a very fit and proper frame of mind for the continuance of the debate in a judicial spirit and for the next diversion. Mr. Justice Day had supplied the first, Mr. Chamberlain the second, with a slight digression on the personal history of the Home Secretary twenty years ago. Now the "drag" was Mr. Smith and his connexion with Mr. Walter. Probably many people may think that it would have been just as well if Mr. Walter had for a time intermitted his practice of calling on his old friend Mr. Smith, or if Mr. Smith, as a less honest and more astute man would have done, had sent out to his old friend Mr. Walter to say that he was engaged. But, after the First Lord's unnecessary, but final, denial of any "communication" in the proper or improper sense, it might have been thought that no English member could have pursued the matter further. But Sir William Harcourt *semper vires*, and is in other ways ever constant to the traditions of his knightly ancestors. After much elegant language about "foul water," "flinging of dirt," "slimy web," and so on, Sir William made and refused to withdraw an imputation against the honour of the Leader of the House, which was of course intended to have, and ultimately did have, the effect of "drawing" even that placid person. Sir William here received assistance of Mr. Labouchere, who seemed both in speech and in print to have got as far in frenzy as any one, but whose little farce of Thursday seems to show an intelligent appreciation of the fact that his party were getting too serious. This of course took up some more time and blew tempers up a little higher. But such violent delights cannot be maintained at their acme, and recourse had to be once more had to the good old subject of Mr. Matthews's Dungarvan *fredaines*, which are of course directly germane to the case. After this things went at moderate heat (say not much below boiling point) till the small hours, when exhausted reporters left Mr. Healy and Mr. Parnell to put it up again to the temperature of superheated steam. Mr. Healy took Mr. Smith and Mr. Walter under his care, and personally conducted them through a galaxy gallery of polite epithets. Mr. Parnell screamed generally about "loaded dice" and "poisoned daggers" (but an unpoisoned dagger, as the "brave little woman" can tell him, is quite enough), and so forth. Thus for yet another night, till three in the morning, did these innocent men (as we are bound to suppose them) debate the question whether they will prove their innocence or not.

Wednesday took up the song quite in tune, though at first in a lower key. Then it was that Mr. Redmond produced a story of some dreadful outrage which the *Times* had committed on him five or six years ago or so; then the extremely important "and other persons" was wrangled over by the stricken hour once more. Then Mr. Gladstone showed his judicial mind by speaking of what "he might, without extravagance, call the forged letter," and insinuated that Mr. Smith said what was not true. Then, to put the mere Irishry out of question, Sir William Harcourt accused Mr. Balfour ("Mr. Bomba Balfour," as Sir Balthazar Foster calls him) of "wearing a better mask than Mr. Goschen," Mr. Goschen of "showing true unfairness, true hypocrisy," and "trying to ride off." Then Mr. Morley, outdoing even his wondrous performance of Monday, hypothetically accused the *Times* of "the deepest infamy" because it put a letter from that important person Mr. Redmond in the waste-paper basket, and on Thursday turned the hypothetical into a categorical charge. And so honourable and right honourable gentlemen raged and raved, and twisted and turned, and wriggled and shivered, while the terrible moment of closure in every sense approached, and the inquiry which they have courted and challenged and demanded and claimed as a right and shunned with all their strength and passion became more and more nearly an accomplished fact.

Now we should very much like to ask reasonable Gladstonians what sort of an impression they suppose that this frantic kind of conduct is likely to produce on the country? There are some who say, and perhaps some who think, that Englishmen, like other men, are mostly fools; but is it possible to conceive that they can be such fools as to take this desperate effort to stave off inquiry, this mad indulgence in raving abuse, as proofs of innocence or of confidence of innocence? For our parts, we think we may claim to have from the very beginning, from the morrow of the Phoenix murders, and from the day of the publication of the facsimile letters, observed a perfectly judicial attitude in the matter, and we shall not abandon it now. We leave it to Mr. Gladstone to improve, as he has improved, on his conduct during the Mandeville inquest, which he prejudged as it was going on, and to prejudice as he did on Wednesday the Parnell inquiry before it is even begun by pronouncing the famous letter "forged." We only point to the conduct of the most respectable of Mr. Gladstone's organs, which, after affecting pious horror at the "journalistic" crimes of the *Times*, violates the first rule of the courtesy of newspapers by attributing the acts and words of that paper to its proprietor personally. But we may ask what is likely to be the opinion of persons who are not so careful when they read day after day these convulsive and epileptic struggles against the net which is drawing closer and closer round certain persons who are accused of certain crimes? Is it exactly the way in which an innocent man behaves? Is it the way in which the friends of an innocent man behave? Let it be remembered that the proceeding against which all this rage and all this terror are displayed is not a penal proceeding; that, if it were arranged ten times as unfairly as the Gladstone-Parnellites pretend, it is

upon the evidence only that an unfavourable conclusion will be obtained, and that by that evidence men will judge. And, then, once more, let the plain man all over the country ask himself what in his own case all this ranting and raving, this twisting and doubling, this howling of abuse at the other side, would mean? Would he himself be a guilty man or an innocent one if he thus behaved? And, though this is a minor question, would he be a sane man if, being innocent, he behaved in a way which is now to be taken, or mistaken, for a plea of "Guilty"?

ENGLISH TOBACCO.

THE result of the competition for the fifty guineas prize offered by the London Chamber of Commerce for the best specimen of British-grown tobacco, disappointing though it is to growers of sanguine temperament, cannot be said to be absolutely discouraging. Those who are firmly convinced that tobacco may yet be successfully cultivated in this country are not wholly deprived of comfort by the verdict of the judges, unfavourable as the Report on the samples submitted undoubtedly is. In the first place, it is a gain to have the authoritative admission that "well-grown tobacco-leaf can be produced on English soil, though, of course, this admission in no way takes account of the cost of production." And there is consolation in what must be taken as the moral of the Report:—"Unless the curing of tobacco is perfectly understood in the United Kingdom, the finest leaf that can be grown will be absolutely wasted and useless." This final warning of the judges, if but rightly apprehended by cultivators, may work to their profit in the future. The moral of the competition acquires further point from the recent correspondence on the subject between Messrs. Carter & Co. and Mr. C. De L. Faunce-De Laune, on the one hand, and Messrs. Cope Brothers & Co., the manufacturers of a portion of the 1886 crop of English tobacco. From the Report of the judges, it appears that only four of the eleven exhibitors of English tobacco in the competition last May complied with all the conditions imposed by the trade section of the Chamber of Commerce. But there was "not one of the four samples," to quote the severe language of the verdict, "in any respect valuable for trade purposes, or even merchantable, presuming that no duty was chargeable upon the article." The prize was awarded to Messrs. James Carter & Co.; and the remaining three exhibitors, in order of merit, were Mr. W. L. Wigan, Sir Edward Birkbeck, M.P., and Mr. John Graves. Controversy on the Report might be deemed as superfluous as to dispute the verdict of an umpire. The award has taken place, judgment has been given, and there was nothing left for growers but to abide by the result and effect more by their next year's crop. This sensible view of the situation is not held by Mr. Faunce-De Laune, who is an enthusiastic believer in the future of tobacco-growing, and has spent "much time and money" as an experimentalist in the cause. He is moved to indignation by "a so-called sample of English tobacco" manufactured by Messrs. Cope Brothers & Co., and liberally circulated by them, which he asserts is "not a fair sample." Any one who has made trial of this sample will readily sympathize with the disappointment of Mr. De Laune, though it will be no discredit to his patriotism should he fail—as he must, if a disinterested, practical man—to accept Mr. De Laune's argument as logical. Mr. De Laune complains that the tobacco sent out by Messrs. Cope as English had never undergone fermentation, like American tobacco; that it had not been blended with foreign leaf, in accordance with trade custom, and that part of it was "mouldy," and had to be "rubbed down with a hand smeared with oil." The reply of the manufacturers is conclusive, if a little jubilant. They write that Mr. De Laune's assertions as to non-fermentation and the treatment of the "mouldy" portion are entirely baseless, while they triumphantly respond to the charge of having sent out the English tobacco naked and unshamed by asking how it was possible to test its quality if it were blended or flavoured by "foreign substances"? The old proverb about the proof of the pudding is naturally suggested by this controversy. The "English-grown tobacco guaranteed by Cope Brothers & Co." is dark in colour, fine-cut, and in appearance like the ordinary shag of small retailers. The smoker speedily discovers that he must not take seriously the printed intimation issued with the boxes, "Examine leisurely—use warily—smoke sparingly." This waggish injunction is delightfully superfluous. Nothing short of the commonest description of shag can be named as comparable to the sample. An ounce of it would require a blend of at least one pound of ordinary Virginia to bring down its exuberant flavour to the tolerance of an educated palate. It is bad enough, unadulterated, to make smokers who attempt it follow the advice offered by James I. with regard to all tobacco, and "forebear this filthy novelty." So far it is evident that "English tobacco pure and simple" is not a success from the consumer's point of view. It does not follow, however, that the question is absolutely settled. We do not know, for instance, whether better results might not have been obtained if other methods of preparation for the market—a coarser cut, or cake-form—had been tried. The want of body in the leaf, named as one of the defects of English tobacco, might possibly preclude anything but fine cutting. This is a fault that culture ought to be able to remedy, and Mr. De Laune appears already

to have effected great improvement in this matter, to judge from the comparative measurements of leaves from his own crop and those of foreign growth supplied by Mr. Gilliat. There is still a general impression that the culture of tobacco in England is in some sort exotic, though, as a matter of fact, it has been frequently and successfully attempted. As far back as 1615 one "C. T." wrote a tract entitled *An Advice how to Plant Tobacco in England*, grudging the money "paid out of England and Ireland" for tobacco, which he estimated at 200,000*l.* a year. At present, the chief desideratum for English growers appears to be complete knowledge of the process of curing the raw product, and until this is acquired, the experimental stage of cultivation is likely to be indefinitely prolonged.

THE POPE COMMEMORATION.

POPE rejoiced at having found in his grotto "a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes thro' the cavern day and night." That spring appeared to have effused itself in mid-air through the whole atmosphere of Twickenham during the past week, and the merry church-bells did not drown the persistent tinkle of rain-drops. This "perpetual rill," however, was the only serious disappointment which befell those who travelled up the Thames to do homage to the "Twitnam bard." In all other respects the Pope Commemoration was a decided success. If on Monday last the water pageant, with its twinkling lamps and its quaint dresses, was but imperfectly enjoyed between intermittent showers and the droppings of lanterns, on Tuesday a glimmer of sunshine greeted the ceremony of opening the Loan Museum in the Town Hall, and the yellow and scarlet bunting which floated over the quaint little streets of the town escaped for an hour or two the appearance of a row of soaked bandana handkerchiefs. The character of the opening was modest, but not unimpressive. The company flocked down from an undress rehearsal in the Loan Museum, in an upper room of the Twickenham Town Hall, to hear Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff in an appropriate address announce the object of the Commemoration. Professor Henry Morley then delivered a long—a somewhat too long—address or *éloge* on Pope, full of enthusiasm, and tinged by a deliberate optimism which seemed ready to declare that whatever is in the life and works of Pope is right, an optimism which extenuated the poet's relations with Martha Blount, which explained away Atticus and Atossa, which commended the Shakspeare as an excellent piece of careful critical labour, and which detected religious fervour in the "bibles and billets-doux" of *The Rape of the Lock*. The address to which this paradoxical zeal gave piquancy was fluently, and sometimes eloquently, delivered. A poem of Mr. Austin Dobson's was then recited, and the proceedings came to an end.

It is much to be regretted that the Loan Museum closes to-night, and we strongly advise those of our readers who have not visited it already to make an effort to see it during the course of to-day. We could scarcely have believed that in so short a time there could have been brought together a collection of books, autographs, paintings, drawings, engravings, and personal relics, illustrating so completely the career of Pope. Great credit is due to the honorary secretary, Mr. Henry R. Tedder, for the activity and address which he has shown, and to the compilers of the Catalogue, with Mr. Dobson's exquisitely polished piece of heroic dialogue at the head of it. This Catalogue is nothing more nor less than a Pope bibliography, so thorough and, so far as we have checked it, so exact, that every Pope student will in future need to possess a copy of it. As to the objects themselves, the rare editions of books by and about Pope are arranged in cases in the middle of the room. Mr. H. M. Cundall has hung around the walls the pictures which have been lent, and, in particular, in places of honour, the portraits from Mapledurham. Of these the great "Martha and Teresa Blount" is that which will most prominently attract attention. Perhaps the most striking object in the room, however, is the precious bust of the poet by Roubiliac, lent by Mr. John Murray. The Catalogue calls this "the sculptor's original clay model converted into terra-cotta." We have some difficulty in knowing what this means. It is very unusual for a sculptor's clay to be preserved; it is usually pulled away in handfuls when the plaster-cast is originally made. There are, however, examples of the clay coming away from a cast so smoothly as to be capable of preservation, and such a mask—for it could be no more—might be made up into a bust and baked. We rather suppose, however, that the bust now at Twickenham is the plaster-cast. There is an anecdote connected with this head which is not told in the Loan Museum Catalogue, which may be remembered. Flaxman records that his father recollected going into Roubiliac's studio and seeing Pope sitting to the great sculptor for this head. The features are much scored and drawn, and legend attributes the work to the year 1741.

Among the books a special interest centres around the three earliest editions of *The Rape of the Lock*. The positively first appearance of this poem was at the end of Lintot's anonymous Miscellany of 1712, an extremely rare octavo. This is the form in two cantos, the original little thing which Addison said was *merum sal*. By its side we see the unaltered reprint of 1714, in Lintot's second edition, where Pope's name was first given by

the publisher; and, finally, we have the octavo of 1714, which passes for the first edition, but is really the third, with its queer engravings, its five cantos, and its machinery of the sylphs. Even rarer than this set of *Rapes of the Lock* is the copy of *Cythereia*, Curll's secret Miscellany of 1723, in which the character of Atticus first saw the light. This is cut down, unfortunately, but it is too scarce in any shape for borrowers to be choosers. Next, we must not fail to mention the unique collection of libels (80–100), comprised in four volumes, which belonged to Pope himself, and contain his notes and ejaculations. Of each of these volumes but one page is shown in the case; but the Catalogue describes each individual pamphlet, and in doing so confers a favour on students of the Augustan age. Visitors who are not accustomed to handling early editions of the poetry of the beginning of the eighteenth century will be struck by the curious appearance of the attenuated folio sheets in which most of Pope's later poems made their bow to the public. The collection of those pamphlets at Twickenham, brought together from various well-known libraries, is nearly complete. From Mapledurham have arrived the six quarto volumes of the *Iliad*, sent, as the false title of Vol. I. declares, "To Mrs. Teresa Blount, from her most faithful humble Servant A. Pope"; and the huge, the elephantine, large paper copies of the three folios of 1717, 1735, and 1737. We have no space to linger among the bibliographical curiosities; but must not omit the "Plan of Mr. Pope's Garden," published in 1745 by his gardener, Serle, nor the vigorous and cruel copy of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's verses addressed to Pope. It is a curious chance by which the couplet—

Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen—

written by Lady Mary for the vexation of Pope has come to be commonly quoted as part of Pope's own repertory.

Among the letters and other autographs, those lent by Mr. Alfred Morrison, and fully described on pp. 27 and 28 of the Catalogue, easily take the first place. But we must not omit to draw attention to Mr. Tangye's loan of Pope's own copy of *The Dunciad* of 1736, half the pages of which are enriched by corrections and annotations in the poet's beautiful handwriting. We have here also Martha Blount's inventory of the goods belonging to Pope, taken in the Twickenham house immediately after his death; the "Paraphrase on Thomas à Kempis," done by Pope in his "printing hand," at the age of twelve; and, lent by Sir Theodore Martin, the original autograph manuscript of Dr. Samuel Johnson's *Life of Pope*. Among the paintings, besides those which we have mentioned, there is Della Rusca's portrait of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, leaning on a skull, and looking as velvety and as acute as a beautiful Persian cat. There is Rosalba's pastel of Horace Walpole, whose connexion with Pope, however, was, we believe, limited to the fact that he once saw him. Lord Spencer has lent Michael Dahl's painting of Queen Anne and her son William. The collection of engravings lent by the South Kensington Museum practically forms a complete gallery of Pope's friends. The compilers of the Catalogue, in obedience to a useful and graceful fancy, have placed underneath the entry of each portrait a couplet from some work of Pope's qualifying in his delicate way the special personage. For instance, White's engraving of Vanderbank's head of Sir Richard Blackmore reminds us that, when there once is heard,

far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.

And the sketch, by Ireland, of the octogenarian general reading at the sale of Dr. Johnson's books, interesting enough in itself, gains a fresh charm when we read:—

One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole.

Whether these commemorations of great writers, apparently responded to as they are with so great a public enthusiasm, actually mean as much as they seem to do, we may, without any great cynicism, be permitted to doubt. But that they are valuable when properly conducted, there can be no question whatever. If the ladies and gentlemen who crowded to a water frolic had but little interest in what Pope did and was, at all events the serious part of the Commemoration was not spoiled by ignorance or futility. The persons responsible for the conduct of the proceedings included all, or almost all, of those who are best known as living students of eighteenth-century literature and manners. In the hands of such men as Mr. Courthope and Mr. Austin Dobson the ceremony was secure from ineptitude, and as secure from error as human frailty will permit. The Loan Museum has brought together objects which, it is probable, no one person will ever be fortunate enough to see again, and it will leave behind it a Catalogue which is a genuine acquisition to bibliography.

THE RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

WITH two exceptions the English railway Companies have now announced their dividends for the first half of the current year, and upon the whole they are not unsatisfactory, although some of them have disappointed the Stock Exchange. Four are at a higher rate than for the first half of last year.

Three are at a lower rate. One other is, at first sight, also at a lower rate; but twelve months ago the difference was paid, not out of current revenue, but out of reserve. The actual rate of dividend now to be paid is the same as that paid out of the earnings of the first half of last year. The remainder of the Companies pay the same rate of dividend as twelve months ago. In the case of the Companies which announce lower rates of dividend than for the first half of last year little disappointment is felt, the falling off having been anticipated. But it was expected that some of those which have not increased their rates of dividend would do so. Notably there was keen disappointment in the instance of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the weekly traffic returns of which showed at the end of June an increase in gross receipts of 33,000*l.* It was assumed that a considerable part of this increase would be available for dividend; but, as a matter of fact, the dividend remains the same as twelve months ago, while the amount carried forward for the current half-year is actually less than the amount carried forward twelve months ago. On the other hand, the North-Eastern dividend announcement has given great satisfaction. At the end of June the weekly traffic returns showed an increase in the gross earnings of 86,000*l.*, and it was taken as a matter of course that the greatly augmented business done would have resulted in a considerable addition to the working expenses. Therefore the anticipation was that the increase in the dividend would not exceed $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but as a matter of fact the increase is as much as $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Great Eastern dividend is also regarded as very satisfactory. Upon the whole, then, as we have said, the announcement must be regarded as not unsatisfactory. It may be said that a better showing was to have been looked for, since trade is decidedly better now than it was at this time last year. In the first half of last year the improvement in trade was undoubtedly checked by the war-scare of January and February, and the Jubilee celebrations in June undoubtedly also diverted attention from business. In the present year, however, trade has been steadily improving month by month, and the result was that, at the end of June, seventeen of the principal railway Companies of the United Kingdom showed an increase in gross receipts of over 400,000*l.* compared with the first half of last year. It is to be recollected, however, that the weather throughout the first six months of the current year was most unfavourable for travelling. In June of last year the weather was splendid, and the Jubilee celebrations caused a good deal of travelling. But throughout the whole of the first half of the present year the weather was unfavourable. The result is a large falling off in passenger traffic. On the other hand, there has been a large increase in goods traffic. From the point of view of the condition of the country, an increase in the goods traffic is highly encouraging. It shows that the trade improvement has already made considerable progress, since goods are being conveyed from one part of the country to the other in much larger quantities. But from the point of view of the railway proprietor, the carriage of goods is much more costly than the carriage of passengers, and hence a large increase in goods traffic results in a large increase in working expenses. Then, again, it is not to be forgotten that every year the capital charges increase, and consequently that it requires more money to pay the same rate of dividend. And, lastly, it is doubtless true that the railway Companies are at present spending more liberally upon repairs and renewals than they were some time ago. As long as prices were falling, railway directors, like other consumers, refrained from laying in larger stocks than were absolutely necessary. But now that the course of prices tends upwards rather than downwards, it is good policy to be more liberal in purchases.

As regards the half-year upon which we have entered, the prospects are decidedly better. Trade unquestionably is improving more rapidly than it was in the early part of the year. That is proved by the Revenue, Clearing-House, Railway Traffic, and Board of Trade Returns; also by market reports and circulars, and by the general feeling of the commercial community. But perhaps the most striking proof is afforded by the fact that at last improvement seems to have begun in the iron trade. A little while ago it seemed as if the productive capacity of the iron industry of this country was greatly in excess of consumption, and consequently that an early improvement was not to be looked for. When the rise in the other metals occurred last autumn, there was indeed an attempt made to put up the price of iron also; but in a very little while the attempt failed, and a few months ago the trade seemed to have fallen into a worse state than it had been in before. Now, however, the feeling of those engaged in it is decidedly more hopeful. It is said that orders are being placed in much greater numbers than before, and that there is every prospect of a decided improvement during the next six months. If the hopes now entertained are realized, there can be no doubt that the trade improvement is assuming larger proportions than appeared probable a little while ago. With a decided improvement of this kind the traffic of the railway Companies must of course largely increase; and although it is quite true, as we observed above, that the carriage of goods is more costly and therefore less profitable than the carriage of passengers, yet a marked increase in goods traffic would give handsome profits to the railway Companies, and in a little while it would lead to a great increase likewise in passenger traffic; for, if the population generally is well employed, travelling will, as a matter of course, increase. We are assuming, of course, that no further war scare disturbs the course of events. But it may well be doubted whether

even a war scare would now give a serious check to the trade improvement. Even the war scare of a year and a half ago only retarded the recovery that had then set in, and the progress now made in improvement is so great that a material check is hardly likely; while the actual outbreak of war, should it occur, would only divert capital and labour from certain branches of trade into others. If, however, we may assume that for this year at least peace is assured, there appears to be no reason to doubt that the trade improvement will make rapid progress. We pointed out last week the reasons for anticipating a considerable rise in the rates of interest and discount, and such a rise would of course have a tendency to impede the improvement. If the Directors of the Bank of England adopt a bold and prudent policy, money may not be so dear as actually to prejudice the course of trade. But, if they should not do so, and if the export of gold should become large, it is possible that the Bank of England by-and-by may have to raise its rate of discount so much as really to affect business. One other adverse influence is the short harvest in this country and in France. The difficulties of the farmers will, of course, be increased, and therefore they will not be as good customers of the towns as they would have been had the year been a prosperous one to them. Further, a rise in the price of wheat would of course affect the earnings of the working classes. It is not likely, however, that the rise in wheat will be such as to make itself sensibly felt by the working classes. And it is to be borne in mind that, if our own farmers suffer from a deficient harvest here, the farmers of the countries which supply us with grain will benefit. In 1879 the large imports of wheat into Europe from America undoubtedly led to an extraordinary revival of trade in the United States, which after a little while stimulated trade here at home. Similarly, large purchases of wheat by Europe now would stimulate trade in the wheat-exporting countries, and their prosperity would of course enable them to buy British goods more largely.

The prospects of railway shareholders, then, are encouraging as regards the immediate future, and would be still more so, taking a longer view, were it possible to bring to an end capital expenditure. It is often urged by critics of railway administration that capital expenditure should be closed once for all. But we fear that is an impracticable project. As a country grows in population and wealth, the railway Companies must continue to give greater facilities. They must enlarge their station accommodation. They must add to their sidings. Above all, they must ensure greater comfort and greater safety to passengers. And all this cannot be done without a considerable capital outlay. Then, again, trade is constantly shifting its quarters. New districts are rising into prominence; others are remaining stationary; and others, again, are retrograding. The railway Companies must meet the demands of the new and rising districts, and this leads to further capital outlay. We may regard it, then, as utterly impossible to close once for all capital expenditure, and if capital expenditure is to be continued, the fixed charges of the railway Companies will grow year by year, and the amount of capital upon which dividend has to be reckoned will also increase. Thus, to maintain the same rate of dividend, railway Companies will have to earn more and more money. Here and there a Company may be able to offset this increase in capital expenditure by reducing the rate of interest on money borrowed. But, generally speaking, the railway Companies have effected nearly all the economy possible in that way. The prospect, therefore, is that it will become more and more difficult in the future to increase the rates of dividend, especially as it has to be borne in mind that, as the Companies become older and older, it is reasonable to assume that the cost of maintenance and renewal will increase. But while the closing of capital expenditure is out of the question, there can be little doubt that the present rate of capital expenditure is too great. In many instances expenditure is charged to capital which ought properly to be charged to revenue, and in other cases railway Companies engage in works which cannot be regarded as likely to prove remunerative in a reasonable time. Lastly, there are even yet instances in which rivalry and competition lead railway Companies into foolish and wasteful expenditure. Shareholders alone can put a stop to this unwise outlay. If they will not take the trouble to watch over the management of their property, and to check extravagance when it occurs, they cannot be surprised if their property does not grow in value as rapidly as they had expected.

THE "REDOUBTABLE BORROW."

THERE is a reasonable prospect that the publication by Mr. Murray, in a popular and inexpensive form, of *The Bible in Spain*, and the notable series which followed it, will revive an interest in the writings of George Borrow. That a personality so sturdy and singular, that work so high in aim, so original in form and matter, should be in a measure forgotten, is perhaps not surprising when it is remembered how heavy are the burdens on the public memory.

Some forty years ago George Borrow was among the most conspicuous figures of his time. The papers of the day vied with each other in emphasizing his claims; some likening him to Lesage, others placing him by the side of Defoe, and some comparing him to Sterne. Nor were the purveyors of anecdote idle. Stories of

the wildest kind were bandied about, and lost nothing by repetition. Events in St. Petersburg, associated with his early authorship, scenes in Spain, adventures in Turkey, Albania, and the East, of which Borrow and his Arab steed supplied the central figures, were reiterated, and never seemed too highly coloured. Among stories thus rife was one, which perhaps owed its origin to the gipsies, to the effect that Borrow was born of a gipsy mother.

In this way the "redoubtable Borrow," as he was sometimes called, dominated the public imagination more than a generation ago. Like all authors who seek fame through their adventures, he was gratified at the popularity attendant on his works; but it was a peculiarity of his character to enjoy his great reputation as a means of repelling the advances of the vulgar. The fashionable world, spite of urgent solicitations, failed to secure his company, though no man held the upper classes in higher esteem than Borrow when he saw them devoted to the duties of their position. As regards the press, which eagerly accepted whatever anecdotes were promulgated concerning him, he smiled alike at the truths and falsehoods which obtained publicity, even allowing the story of the gipsy mother to take its course, and it was only when at last the writers of the press vexed him with their comments on him as a *poseur* that he retaliated.

Thus Borrow, the brilliant writer, the romantic scholar, the fearless wanderer in wild lands, with his quaint interest in dialects and lost tribes, his wide and peculiar knowledge of foreign tongues, and his matchless command of his own, was one of those authors whose personality secures the gaze of the public. He had the art of writing attractively about himself, though all who remember him will agree that he would never, except with an intimate friend, enter into conversation on that subject. He wrote about places unknown and subjects strange and unfamiliar; he pictured the unusual and the unique among men. But, whatever he described, whether places, men, or things, was as a mirror that reflected his own individuality; and in all these and round all these, and towering above them all, was the Titanic figure of Self. It was in *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye* that the climax of this series of self-projections was reached. But who that loves all that is manly in English life and character will say that the posings of *Lavengro* are not delicious vanities? The pride and exultation of its pages were not in keeping with kid gloves, or scented air, or the shape of a beaver, or the cut of a coat; they have, in fact, no kinship with the pages of *Pelham*, or, indeed, with the exponents of the golden youth of that or any other day. *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye* represent rather a protest against the doctrines of dandyism and the ways of the Philistines; they bear a message of reproach to the effeminate dwellers in stifling towns; they form an epic of that rough and outdoor liberty of gipsy life which the word-master himself so loved. For some, it may be, their pages do too much homage to the "cup of ale," to the honours of the Ring, or are too exultant in the glorious freedom of timmen, tramps, and chals. But that the scenes and characters described and the curious stories told, and the manner in which they are put forth, were English, and are English still, no one surely would deny; and that they contain passages which no writer, English or foreign, has yet surpassed, must be acknowledged by all good judges.

The Bible in Spain and *The Gypsies* pleased one and all. *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye* found many detractors. The reason is obvious. Borrow had tried to trick the critics, and the critics, with some show of reason, resented being tricked. The books were autobiographic *à faire rire*, and were here and there interspersed with that quaint, out-of-the-way knowledge which Borrow alone possessed. While he had kept to a faithful record of his adventures abroad all had gone well; but now he had made himself the hero of romantic scenes at home; had, under the guise of *Lavengro*, the word-master, extolled his gift of tongues, his love of strange company, his mystic art as horse-tamer and snake-charmer, his possession of the Evil Eye. The critics were puzzled and in doubt; and they made a strong protest against this strange farrago of fiction and of fact, these philanderings with philology, and these vaunts of knowledge not their own. To them Borrow replied in an Appendix more rich in invective than good taste. He had tried to catch them tripping and they had been caught! Among other traps he had laid for them were certain Armenian words which, with malice aforethought, he had spelt wrong. This involved an unwise action and a foolish boast. But Borrow's chief sin no doubt had been in projecting himself too freely into imaginary scenes, and in then taking shelter, under attack, by saying that he never admitted *Lavengro* to be himself. It is rather by the avoidance of mistakes than by the doing of great deeds that the majority succeed. Borrow had made a mistake, and had further committed the unpardonable blunder of defending his mistake by another. But as this literary squabble, like its fellows, belongs to the past, it is to be hoped that the good that was recognized in Borrow in his day will live after him in ours and in days to come.

IRISH SILVER PLATE.

THE Irish Exhibition at Olympia contains in one of the galleries an extensive and interesting collection of old silver. A great deal of it is "corporation plate," belonging, that is, to Trinity College or to cathedrals and churches; but by far the

largest part is family table silver, and dates from the last century. Of the English makers of the time of George II. and George III. Mr. Cripps and others have given us plenty of information; but that there were artists in the precious metals in Ireland quite equal in skill to those of London is new to most people. Perhaps a series of "dish-rings" may be singled out as the most remarkable feature of the show. Dish-rings, we are told, in the excellent Catalogue, were much in vogue in Ireland in the last century, and were used as stands for Oriental China punch-bowls, to prevent the hot bowls from injuring the mahogany tables, since it was customary to remove the cloth after dinner. Their secondary use was for concealing and holding the wooden potato bowls at table. Very few are stamped with the date letter; but they all seem to be about a hundred years old, and one of the most beautiful (228) is marked 1788. With it should be compared seven others (89, 90, 149, 151, 184, 186, and 345), which are evidently of the same period, probably by the same hand, and which, in design, can only be described as like the best Venetian point-lace. No. 89 is, as the Catalogue well says, "of the choicest character"; it is pierced and chased, with birds, fruits, flowers, acorns, castles, bridges, water, and aquatic birds; and all the rest, as mentioned above, are of similar, but not the same, design. A second pattern is shown in No. 91 and some others, and a third and fourth kind are also noticed. These dish-rings seem to be peculiar to Ireland. Two covers (34), saw-pierced and *repoussé* with scrolls, are equally beautiful, as are some coffee and tea pots (19, 20, 82), and a cake basket (No. 215), which is furthermore interesting as having an inscription placed in it by Mr. Deane Swift, the great Dean's cousin, in 1713. Of Jonathan himself there are several relics in the collection. His miniature (201), said to have been worn by Stella, is well painted. His bottle (39), specially made to hold his favourite Rhine wine, bears an embossed mark, "I. Swift, Dean, 1727." A beautiful fruit-dish (252), fluted, with a scroll-work edge, was also his.

Two or three large pieces, cruets, épergnes, and bowls, are of great interest and value. The finest is a centrepiece (297) forming an épergne and large cruet-stand, saw-pierced and engraved, made in Ireland in 1795. The silver is beautiful in design and workmanship; but the glass, exquisitely cut, matches it well, though possibly of a later date. Modern work is so often executed merely that it may use up so many ounces of silver that the lightness and delicacy of this example and the massive plainness of such work as the two-handled band-cups (11-18, or 340-343, or 352-361) are very refreshing to the sight of any one weary of race-cups and other such specimens of contemporary silversmiths' work. For some reason the colour of these earlier examples is whiter than what we generally see now. The band-cups are very numerous in the Exhibition, and are sometimes engraved with shields of arms and interesting inscriptions. On one we read a god-mother's blessing, which ends thus:—

May he have a thirst (for knowledge),
At any rate until he has done college;
May both his parents kiss and bless him,
And get a nurse to wash and dress him.

Of the bowls, one engraved with the O'Callaghan arms (7) bears the early date of 1704; but a beautiful tankard (9), "stop-fluted with acanthus leaf on cover," is dated 1695, and the cup and cover (10), evidently made to match it, have an early Cork mark, and are probably quite as old as the punch-bowl. Among the exhibits from Trinity College is a shell-shaped bread-basket (479) of graceful form and beautiful workmanship. Passing over a series of cups presented by Fellow Commoners and a splendid mace (490), dated 1707, we may admire a large silver-gilt plate (466), and the rest of the Communion Service of the College Chapel. Besides these there are some ancient and interesting examples of church plate, especially those in Case 3, which come from Galway, one of which bears the odd inscription, "Pray for ye good intintion of Mary Gabriel Skerret." This has the town mark of Galway and the date 1731. It is impossible to mention everything in the Exhibition that is worthy of commendation, but amid much that is of purely historical interest we may notice two pieces in conclusion. One of these is a solid gold inkstand made in London in 1818 from the snuffboxes given to Lord Castlereagh by various kings during the negotiations in 1813-14-15. It bears the arms of all the potentates very delicately engraved, and is, apart from its intrinsic value, a handsome ornament for a table. Still more interesting, especially at the present conjuncture, is the saw-pierced and "repoussé épergne" (2), made in London in 1762, and presented to Lord Castlereagh in 1798 by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin as a testimony to his wisdom, talents, and patriotism.

THE STILL ALARM.

AFTER a course of the nautical drama, or the military, it must be allowed that the fire-brigade drama is an excellent alternative. *The Still Alarm*, "a romantic comedy-drama" produced at the Princess's on Thursday, and transferred from the American stage, has a fireman for a hero, and the interior of a fire-engine station for the picturesque environment of its chief sensational effect. Mr. Joseph Arthur has followed old melodramatic lines pretty closely in constructing his play. His villain is of the old desperate type and makes large and frequent calls on the charity of the audience. The villainy he enacts should

suffice for most people, though the evil he is suspected of having perpetrated almost transcends that which is betrayed to the audience. Mr. Arthur's story, however, is not wilder in improbabilities than most plots in realistic drama, and it is developed with considerable skill. The dialogue, too, is generally terse, fresh, and touched with life. At the outset Mr. Arthur spins his web a little thin; but the dependent tissue of his play, if a little insubstantial and intricate, holds together well, and at no point gives way, despite the tests it is subjected to. It is no detraction, however, from Mr. Arthur's craftsmanship to indicate as the most absorbing feature of interest in *The Still Alarm* one scene in the third act, where the interior of the engine-house at the Central Fire Station in New York is reproduced with searching fidelity. When the incident arrives that forms the climax of this wonderful scene, so much occurs simultaneously and in a few seconds of time, that the most alert and intelligent observer will feel not a little baffled. To speak of this scene as "a correct (stage) copy" of the New York fire-station is but to recognize its superficial merit as a picture. But no picture, be the verve or the technique of the painter what it may, can excite emotions so acute and complex as are aroused by the sudden awakening of the scene from the silence of the night to the thrilling activity of alarm. The swiftness and finish of the transformation are incredible. Fortunately, enough time is allowed, prior to the event, to apprehend the leading features of the machinery—to apply a good old critical term to the scenical apparatus—and the attentive spectator fails not to understand the equipment of this interesting scene. The firemen, with their cheerful chorus, the beautiful docile horses, the engine itself, which seems scarcely less alive; the alarm, clock, electric indicators, and telephone; the stout brass rods that ascend to the upper chamber where the men sleep—all these components of the scene may be studied while the hero, Jack Manley, indulges in a sentimental reverie such as befits a distressed lover. The beauty of the scene lies in the quietude and confidence it suggests. The hero knows not the coming horror. He is ignorant of the destruction of the electric wires by the villain, and it is only when the tedious telephone brings the "still alarm" that the station becomes the centre of intense animation. Down swing the men from above, the horses are in position in a second, the harness is lowered by an ingenious contrivance and fixed in another second, and in a whirling tumult that defies description, off goes the engine through the entry under the flashing sky into the silent street. It is much, indeed, to affirm that the final act avoids an anti-climax altogether after this impressive and agitating scene, and yet it is only fair to add that the interest is well sustained to the end. Virtue, of course, triumphs, and the villain is unmasked. Mr. Lacy as the hero plays with excellent spirit in the heights of the situation, though his enunciation of the sentimental passages of his part is somewhat too low-toned and depressing. Mr. Abington's rendering of the callous, sneering villain was not without power, and he merited the distinction bestowed upon his acting by the portion of the audience that soundly hissed him. Mr. Harry Nicholls, Mr. Bassett Roe, and Mr. Harry Parker were capable representatives of parts that are individual enough to give scope for their talents. Miss Fannie Leslie played the part of a hoydenish music-hall "artiste" cleverly, and Miss Mary Rorke, as the heroine, was sympathetic and graceful. The minor parts are by no means uninteresting. There is an old fireman, played with breadth and distinction by Mr. Frank Wright, who describes himself as "not a regular but a relic," a relic of the old "volunteer" days and a distinct type. *The Still Alarm* may confidently be expected to continue its successful career at the Princess's, the love of sensation being yet prevalent among playgoers, and the sensation in this instance being decidedly novel and striking.

THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

ON the first day of the Sandown Meeting, which was to include the Eclipse Stakes among its attractions, there seemed to be some hopes of the miserable weather clearing up. The proceedings opened brilliantly, as no less than seventy horses ran during the afternoon, and the very rare occurrence of a double dead-heat made the day memorable in the annals of racing. General Byrne's very promising two-year-old, Amphion, won the principal race, and altogether it was a capital day's sport. The first Eclipse Stakes, two years ago, had been run on a very wet day, and although after a showery morning the weather cleared up on the day of the second Eclipse Stakes, rain began to fall as the competitors were being inspected in the Paddock, and the race itself was run in a shower. The attendance was very large, but scarcely equal to that of Bendigo's Eclipse Stakes. No victory, however, could have been better received, by those who were present, than that of the Duke of Westminster, and to run first and second was, if we may be allowed such a phrase, to win the Eclipse Stakes with a vengeance! The only matter for regret was that he could not be present to see his horse win. Nor was the success of the rider of the winner less popular. We have heard and read some unpleasant things about jockeys of late, but happily the integrity of Tom Cannon is as undoubted as his skill, and he must have felt proud at having to exert that skill to the utmost in order to defeat his own son.

The acceptance for the second Eclipse Stakes was disappointing.

For the first there had been forty-seven acceptances, and now there were only thirty. The first Eclipse Stakes again had excited so much interest, that the betting upon it began to be quoted in the papers very early in May, and it held its own even during the excitement of the Epsom and Ascot Meetings; whereas, for the second, no quotations appeared until the 28th of June. Nor was there such a candidate as Minting for a first favourite on this occasion. It is true that that great horse was eventually unable to start, but good substitutes remained in St. Gatien and Bendigo. This time the names which appeared in the betting quotations were far from encouraging, and for some time the Eclipse Stakes attracted less attention than the Liverpool Cup and the Leicestershire Handicap. The Duke of Westminster's two colts, Ossory and Orbit, both by Bend Or, were alternately first favourites when speculation began upon the race. Each had run well, and Ossory had won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot; yet some people grumbled because neither of them had any pretensions on public form to be the best three-year-old colt of his year, forgetting that the Eclipse Stakes was specially framed so as to enable horses 10 lbs. inferior to a Derby winner to have an equal chance of victory. It was rather curious that Orbit should have been handicapped on exactly those terms with the subsequent winner of the Derby for the Free Handicap which was published just before the Epsom Meeting. At the opening of the betting Ossory was made first favourite. Independently of his having won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, he was preferred to Orbit by many critics, on account of his appearance; for, although light in the thighs, rather upright on the pasterns, and a somewhat backward colt for his age, he has grand shoulders and powerful quarters. Very soon, however, it was reported that Orbit was to be the champion of the stable, and he became a firm first favourite. Many good judges considered him a plain, narrow, and flat-sided colt, nor was his public form all that might have been desired. After winning the Craven Stakes in rather a slovenly fashion from Cotillon, he had run third for the Two Thousand, and been unplaced for the Derby; and at Ascot, with odds of 5 to 2 laid on him for a Triennial Stakes, he had been beaten by Rada, who had been second for the Oaks. In this last defeat his enemies declared that he had run in a very curish fashion when collared by the game little filly, but his friends excused him on the ground of his having been shin-sore. He became and remained a remarkably steady favourite for the Eclipse Stakes, in spite of all deficiencies in his appearance or public form. Many people were of opinion that "Mr. Manton" was about to "pull off a great thing at last," with her four-year-old colt Eiridsford. The only occasion on which he had run in public this season had been the Epsom Spring Meeting, when he was unplaced for the City and Suburban Handicap. Last year he had started at 40 to 1 for the Two Thousand, and run fourth, and for the Derby he had started second favourite, and been unplaced; but on the following day he won the Epsom Grand Prize very easily. Like Orbit, he was far from satisfying the critics so far as his appearance was concerned. By some he was called a great, ungainly colt, with cat hams, bad hocks, an enlarged fetlock, and awkward hind-action. Others, while admitting that he was not a very symmetrical specimen of a thoroughbred horse, maintained that he had great speed, a grand back, powerful quarters, and strength enough to carry 15 st. to hounds. Probably the best-shaped horse in the field was Mr. Douglas Baird's Enterprise. As every one knows, this colt had never run in public since he won the Two Thousand last year. Unfortunately he fell lame just before the Derby, for which he was second favourite. He was said to be all right again before the Eclipse Stakes, and there could be no doubt that, so far as public form, appearance, and breeding went, he had as good claims to be favourite as any horse in the race. He is by Sterling out of a King Tom mare, and as a yearling he cost 2,000 guineas—a sum which he repaid with interest as a two-year-old. Altogether he had won over 6,000*l.* in stakes, and it was hoped that he would now add 10,000*l.* to his winnings by a victory for the Eclipse Stakes. If losing races qualifies a horse to be favourite, Mr. Douglas's chestnut colt, Martley, by Doncaster, well deserved the support that was accorded to him; for he had lost all his races as a three-year-old and a four-year-old. Yet last year he had run within three-quarters of a length of Bendigo for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park, and in the autumn he had given Gloriation, the winner of the Cambridgeshire, 7 lbs., and run him to a head. His good looks, too, made him many friends. The Baron's public form of this year was not encouraging to his backers; but he had old admirers who remained faithful, and believed that he was about to make up for all his previous ill-fortune. As we have already hinted, there seems to be an attraction to some people in a horse that loses all its races. Prince Soltykoff's Love-in-Idleness had been beaten every time that she had run in public, and yet she had many backers for the Eclipse Stakes; as also had Lord Ellesmere's Estafette, who could make the same proud boast, with the exception of one walk over, and she was said to have the additional qualification of "making a noise." It is but fair to say that both of them have won races this week at Goodwood; but this does not affect the question of the Eclipse Stakes. Then there was Lord Calthorpe's handsome, although not very powerful colt, Florentine, who on his best form was quite good enough to win, as he had beaten Enterprise by two lengths for the Middle Park Plate, and Timothy by a length and a half for the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot. The question was whether he intended now to run on his best form or on his worst, which

was execrable, and his conduct of late afforded solid reasons for expecting that he would run on the latter.

Spectators were spared the long delay at the post which preceded the first Eclipse Stakes. After four breaks away, the flag fell to an excellent start, and, when the field had gone a hundred yards, Ossory, ridden by young Tom Cannon, went to the front, while Tom Cannon, senior, kept well among the leading group with Orbit. At the Mile Post by the side of the railway, Ossory was leading by two or three lengths, and on reaching the part of the course where the members cross over on their way from the station, Orbit took second place. The Duke of Westminster's pair came round the turn into the straight, one behind the other, with a slight lead of their rivals. As soon as they were in the line for home, Orbit went up to Ossory's heels. An outsider called Patchouli, who had hitherto been close to the leading horses, now gave way, and Enterprise came forward, looking very dangerous; while Eiridsford, Martley, The Baron, and the two fillies, Love-in-Idleness and Estafette, were all within hailing distance. Just before reaching the rails Enterprise began to overhaul the Duke of Westminster's pair, and then he suddenly collapsed. Almost at the same moment Eiridsford also threw up the game, and a quarter of a mile from home the Duke's two sons of Bend Or, the two fillies, and Martley were the only horses left in the race. At the distance it seemed for a moment as if Martley were going to pass the Bend Or colts, and both of the latter began to struggle away from him. Then it turned out that it was not to be against him, but between themselves, that the two brothers—or rather, perhaps, we ought to say, the father and son—were to fight out the battle. Tom Cannon, junior, rode an admirable race on Ossory; but, in accordance with his orders, he had made strong running with his horse, and he had 3 lbs. the worst of the weights. It was no wonder, therefore, that his father, who is probably one of the finest jockeys of the century, was enabled to creep up, inch by inch, and to win a hard-fought race with Orbit by a length. Martley was only as far behind Ossory, the two fillies were close up, and then, at a long interval, came Enterprise. In the opinion of many, if the elder Cannon had been on Ossory, and that horse had not been made such free use of as a running-maker, he would have won. The public, therefore, remains under the impression that it did rightly in making Ossory the favourite in the first instance. Future events may throw some light upon this question; but one thing, we fear, is certain—namely, that the field for the second Eclipse Stakes was not so good as it ought to have been, considering the value of the stakes. The three-year-olds had the best of it; on the other hand, Martley ran a much better third now than he did to Merry Hampton for the Derby. Yet The Baron, who was then in front of him, was now a very long way in his rear. A more practical aspect of the result of the Eclipse Stakes is its bearing on the future, and it will certainly tend to increase the interest in the approaching St. Leger. It is needless to add that it will greatly glorify the still young stallion Bend Or. We seem only just to have done with Ormonde, and now two of his brothers run first and second for the Eclipse Stakes; it may, however, be wise to avoid "high flutin'" about Bend Or's three-year-old stock until it is satisfactorily proved that either Orbit or Ossory is a first-rate horse. Of Ossory's defeat for the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood, and the direct reversal of his Eclipse Stakes form with Estafette in that race, we hope to say something in our notice of the Goodwood meeting next week.

A DRAMATIC RETROSPECT.

THE season which has just closed has been remarkable for the extraordinary number of new plays produced. Over twenty tragedies, dramas, and comedies, not to mention several one-act pieces, have been seen for the first time since last July. Of these, very few are likely to be played a second time; still their number proves that there is considerable dramatic literary industry, if not precisely ability, among us, and that the manufacture, so to speak, of new pieces is singularly brisk. The fact is, nothing in literature pays so well as a successful play; but, for all this activity on the part of our dramatists, we have as yet none worthy to rank with several contemporary French, German, Italian, and even Spanish playwrights. Some construct their pieces fairly well, but illustrate them with very bad dialogue; and others, on the other hand, give excellent literature, united to a dreary piece; but no one seems as yet capable of allying the two imperative requisites for lasting success of a well-devised plot and literary excellence.

Managers, it seems, now refuse to read manuscripts unless they are by well-tried authors, so that the young dramatist finds himself obliged to produce his piece at a matinée, in order that the manager, who has nothing to lose but his time in attending the performance, may discover if he has "struck oil" or not. As a rule, the well is found to be utterly dry. *The Amber Heart*, by Mr. Calmoun, was thus originally produced at a matinée, and its revival at the Lyceum was simply due to the grace with which Miss Ellen Terry plays the part of the heroine. Miss Terry certainly saved it, and it had considerable success on its revival at the close of the "run" of *Faust*. Another rather fortunate matinée piece was Mr. Rutland Barrington's dramatization of Mr. Barnes of New York, entitled *To the Death*, which met with fair success at the Olympic, and would have obtained still greater had the part of the heroine been left in the hands of the

promising actress, Miss Florence West, who originally created it. *Christina*, by Messrs. Lynwood and Ambient, also produced at this theatre, was a mere *succès d'estime*. *The Pointsman* was in every way more deserving, for it at least had some literary merit.

The Barrister, by Mr. Manville Fenn, did not meet with the favour it deserved at the Comedy. It was, however, very well received, and proved exceedingly amusing. *The Arabian Nights*, adapted from the German of Von Moser, by Mr. Sydney Grundy, however, was soon brought over from the Globe to take its place, and achieved unusual success. Mrs. Bernard Beere introduced two new plays at the Opera Comique—*As In a Looking Glass* and *Ariane*—both morbidly unwholesome, but sufficiently exciting to interest the many admirers of this forcible actress. *The Pompadour*, at the Haymarket, afforded Mr. Beerbohm Tree a fair opportunity to display his peculiar talent; and Mrs. Tree looked much more like the real Mme. de Pompadour than her audience perhaps imagined. Pretty scenery and fine dresses pulled *The Pompadour* through, and saved it from disastrous failure. Mr. Brookfield, as Voltaire, showed us how well and faithfully he can make himself up to look like an historical personage. The success of *The Don* was recorded once again only very recently in these columns when it was temporarily withdrawn by Mr. Toole to enable Mr. Lionel Brough to produce *The Paper Chase*. Mr. and Mrs. Merivale's farcical comedy is genuinely amusing, and provides Mr. Toole with excellent opportunities. Neither of the two versions of *The Scarlet Letter* met with success, although Miss Achurch, at the Olympic, and Miss Calhoun, at the Royalty, played the part of Hester with some power.

By far the most fortunate of the new pieces produced this season have been *Joseph's Sweetheart* at the Vaudeville, and *Sweet Lavender* at Terry's. The Princess's, under the management of Miss Grace Hawthorne, has become a sort of "transpontine" house, and is distinguished for the production of blustering melodramas, such as *The Shadows of a Great City* and *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. Mr. Wilson Barrett, having failed to win popularity for *The Golden Ladder* at the Globe, produced his new drama *Ben My Chree* at this house, formerly associated with his name. Well written and original, this fine play was nevertheless voted by the general public as altogether too gloomy and "preachy." Mr. Augustus Harris, before producing his brilliant pantomime, gave us a very queer melodrama entitled *Pleasure*, which was remarkable for its curious ethics and for the realistic reproduction of the earthquake at Nice—a surprisingly elaborate piece of stage carpentry, which, however, did not compensate for the indifference of the play.

Miss Mary Anderson opened her season at the Lyceum with a revival of *The Winter's Tale*, and played herself, *tant mal que bien*, the two parts of Hermione and Perdita. The only other Shakspearean revival has been the incomparable performance by Mr. Daly's American Company of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Mr. Charles Wyndham's successful revival of *David Garrick*, and the phenomenal success of *Dorothy*, have kept the stages of the Criterion and Prince of Wales's occupied with scarcely an interruption. A peculiarity of the season has been the introduction of what might be termed the Child Drama. We have had two adaptations of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and both were extremely popular, whilst lately John Strange Winter's capital story *Boots' Baby* has achieved a well-deserved success at the Globe.

Two rather lengthy seasons of French plays at the Royalty, comprising *opéra bouffe*, excellently presented in every way, and a series of performances by the three Coquelins, came to a triumphant climax when that inimitably droll work *Les Surprises du Divorce* was produced. During last month Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has given fresh proof that her great talents are not diminished, and if we do not particularly admire *La Tosca*, we are bound to admit that it affords the distinguished French actress excellent opportunities to illustrate the full gamut of her art.

Mr. Irving, after a long absence in America, returned to us and played Mephistopheles for a short time, and, as a foil, Robert Macaire. However, he took his leave, assuring us that when next we behold him it will be as Macbeth, and that Miss Terry will be the Lady.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal closed their connexion with St. James's Theatre by a series of revivals of their most popular plays, of which *The Scrap of Paper* and *The Ironmaster* were altogether the most remarkable and popular.

One new theatre was opened this season—Terry's, in the Strand—and the Alhambra and Empire have both been entirely redecorated with great magnificence. In a few weeks several new theatres will be opened in various parts of London—the Lyric, the Shaftesbury, and the Garrick, the rebuilt Court, and the new Grand at Islington.

REVIEWS.

AN AMERICAN CASSANDRA.

MR. RUSSELL LOWELL'S brilliant social qualities have done him some injustice. To that part of the British public whose reading is confined to newspapers he is probably

* *Political Essays*. By James Russell Lowell. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

known as the best after-dinner speaker we have had in England since the death of Dickens. No one since we lost Lord Houghton has unveiled so many statues or inaugurated—the word may perhaps be excused in speaking of an American—so many memorials of one kind or another. To a narrower but still a wide circle—to the circle of those to whom books are something more than ornaments of the table or furniture for shelves—Mr. Lowell is chiefly known as the author of the *Biglow Papers*, a political satire which played something of the part in the great social controversy which preceded the American Civil War which the *Satire Ménippée* did in the controversy between Henry IV. and the League and the *Epistole Obscurorum Virorum* did in the humanist controversy of the sixteenth century. His delicate and tender, if often too ingenious, poetry, and his refined and subtle criticism are, we fear, not better known to English readers than is the usual fate of the poetry and criticism of scholars; in short, to the ordinary apprehension of the majority of our countrymen Mr. Lowell is an American man of letters whom the freer system of the United States, or rather the absence of any system, has invested with diplomatic functions. That Mr. Lowell is a politician—not in the American sense, in which politician might be defined as Johnson defined a patriot—a politician not of the stump or of the legislature, but of books and observations, is well known to all who have followed the course of American history during the past quarter of a century. The volume of political essays which he has just published is a memorial of that part of his career.

Mr. Lowell has had the modest misgivings which beset every author who is asked to re-publish old articles from magazines and reviews. He has hesitated to gather them together and to put them into book form because they seem to him to have little more than a polemic value not surviving the date at which they were written. On reconsideration, however, Mr. Lowell has justly recognized in them an "historic interest as recalling certain aspects of our politics which, perhaps, it may be useful not wholly to forget." Their polemic character, indeed, gives them their historic value. They deal with the controversies which preceded and accompanied and followed the American Civil War—the controversies of Secession and reconstruction; and from Mr. Lowell's point of view, which was that of an ardent Northerner and Unionist, they are marked by considerable qualities of statesmanship. The volume is addressed, in its first intention, to American readers; and, though bearing on the title-page the name of an English publishing firm, is issued from an American press. But, if interesting primarily to Mr. Lowell's fellow-countrymen, the essays possess value for historical students, and are documents of the course and movement of opinion which shaped the action of the statesmen of the North. The capital interest of the volume lies, perhaps, in its last essay, which deals with the condition of things in the United States at the present time. It is entitled "The Place of the Independent in Politics," and was delivered as an address before the Reform Club of New York in April of the present year. Mr. Lowell seems to have thought that some apology was necessary for venturing to talk politics to his countrymen. In America, as elsewhere—but more in America, perhaps, than elsewhere—a feeling exists that scholars are, from the fact of their being scholars, incompetent to pass a sane judgment on public affairs. Mr. Lowell seems to us to fall into a counter-extravagance when he pronounces that, "through books, the youngest of us could converse with more generations than Nestor; could attain that ripened judgment which is the privilege of old age without old age's drawbacks and diminutions." Unconsciously, Mr. Lowell defines in these words the essential character of the youthful political prig. The illustrations which he takes from Burke and Dr. Johnson might naturally have led him to qualify his statement. Burke's multifarious reading contributed to his political wisdom because it accompanied a large and incessant converse with affairs. His experience interpreted his learning and gave it vitality. Johnson, whom Mr. Lowell describes as a politician, in contrast with Burke as a statesman, had at least all the book learning of Burke; but he had not his familiarity with affairs, and he remained to the last something of the pedant. Abraham Lincoln, to whom Mr. Lowell assigns the highest place among the genuine statesmen of America, had a little more than such knowledge of literature as could be picked up from the newspapers of the day. The fact is that, when there is a real genius for action and clear political discernment, it can dispense with book training, though it would, no doubt, be enlarged and strengthened by acquaintance with literature and history. The three names which Mr. Lowell cites—those of Burke, Johnson, and Lincoln—supply the needful qualification and corrective of his doctrine that books alone will confer ripeness of political judgment.

The most remarkable feature of Mr. Lowell's address is the gloomy view which it takes of the present condition of political life in America. It contrasts strongly with the sanguine temper which marks the earlier essays. In the time of struggle and danger Mr. Lowell was hopeful and confident. He declares, as a truth "admitted on all hands, that matters have been growing worse for the last twenty years, as it is the nature of evil to do." In one of the earlier essays of this volume, written a little before the commencement of the twenty years' decadence, Mr. Lowell says:—"The *Saturday Review*, one of the ablest of British journals, solemnly warned its countrymen to learn by our example the danger of an extended suffrage." He now says:—"In

a democracy so vast as ours . . . the infinitesimal division of power well-nigh nullifies the sense of it and of the responsibility implied in it." Surely this is a danger resulting from extended suffrage which, if it is wise to see, it was not necessarily prejudice to foresee. According to Mr. Lowell, the tricks of management have superseded in the United States the art of government; and the English system of rotten boroughs has been revived, in which a handful of men, or even one man, nominates the candidate to be returned. Animated by "that salutary prejudice called our country" which Mr. Lowell shares with Burke, and extending it retrospectively even to the rotten-borough period of our history, we may point out to Mr. Lowell that boroughs predestined to Schedule A gave their first seats in the English Parliament to the two Pitts, to Burke, to Canning, to Romilly, to Brougham, to Palmerston, to the Marquess Wellesley, and even to Whitbread (Samuel the First). When Mr. Lowell can supply us with a parallel list of American statesmen sent to Congress on what he conceives to be a similar system, we will admit the force of his comparison. What does he himself say? He expresses the wish that we could "have a travelling collection of our Bosses, and say to the American people 'behold the shapers of your national destiny.'" He adds the significant comment, "A single despot would be cheaper, and probably better looking." This is the feeling which gives to pretenders their chance in France. We are far from supposing that Mr. Lowell sighs for an American Boulanger or Bonaparte, or that there is any likelihood of such a catastrophe in the United States. There are many securities against a reactionary revolution of this kind. Mr. Lowell, however, recalls a conversation which he once had with Guizot, who asked "How long I thought our republic would endure?" Mr. Lowell replied, "So long as the ideas of the men who founded it remain dominant." The whole drift of his address is to show that those ideas are no longer dominant. Men like those who founded the republic may not be wanting, but, with the present political methods of America, Mr. Lowell declares they cannot be elected. The people of the North, he says, went to war to prevent the loss of half their country, but now the whole of the country—all that makes it worth living in and dying for—is being filched from them. The Abolitionists emancipated the negro—it is necessary now "to emancipate the respectable white man." Gigantic as is the evil, and great as is the task, Mr. Lowell does not despair. He thinks the remedy is to be found in the formation of a neutral body—not a party, for a party would soon become infected with the vices of party organization—which shall stand between existing parties and, by judiciously giving or withholding its support to either, compel both to be "more cautious in their choice of candidates and in their connivance with evil practices." The experiment is worth trying. It had a hopeful beginning in the first election of President Cleveland, and it may have a second success in his reelection. But to distant observers the means seem out of proportion to the end.

Mr. Lowell's clear and vigorous writing makes him one of many exceptions to the disparaging estimate which Hazlitt formed of the prose style of poets. There is somewhat an excess perhaps of over-familiar illustration. Macheath, who "could be happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away" appears twice. Perhaps it is time that both the dear charmers and Macheath with them were put out of the way. The wound which was great because it was so small; the victorious cause which pleased the gods, though it did not please Cato; the Bezonian challenged to make his choice of a king; Agesilaus romping with his children; the gold coin which did not smell in the nostrils of the Roman Emperor; Caliph Omar and the burning of libraries; the Old Man of the Sea; the dragon's teeth; Dr. Sangrado; the Magician's servant who called up spirits that he could not control, are among the old acquaintances whom we are somewhat surprised to have introduced to us anew by Mr. Lowell. But his essays, with one exception, were written more than twenty years ago, for American readers, and perhaps these illustrations had more freshness and novelty then and there than they have for us now and here. Mr. Lowell taunts Congress with being unanimous only in misspelling the name of "that much-worked conspirator" Cataline. If Congress is disposed to retaliate it may perhaps say that it never taunted anybody with crouching under the Caudine yoke. Mr. Lowell enforces one of his arguments with the confident assertion as of a matter of common notoriety:—"Why, until Queen Victoria, every English sovereign assumed the title of King of France." If Mr. Lowell will push his historic researches a little further back, he will find that the title of King of France was abandoned by George III. When, after the Union with Ireland, it was necessary to revise the Royal style, the designation of the King was formally changed, by order of the Privy Council, from "George the Third, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith," into George the Third, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith." The first opportunity which the need of revising the Royal style and title offered of dropping an absurd survival was taken. Possibly one of the motives of this change was the desire to remove a cause of irritation in France. In the negotiations at Lille in 1797—as Mr. Lowell will find if he will refer to the third volume of the Diaries and Letters of the first Lord Malmesbury—the French Plenipotentiaries insisted on the omission of the words "King of France." Lord Grenville, then Foreign Secretary, was ready to use in the treaty simply the

words "King of Great Britain" or "Britannic Majesty." The negotiations broke down on other points. But a desire to avoid a similar difficulty in the future may have been one of the reasons for the final renunciation of the title after the Union with Ireland.

NOVELS.*

ONE of the characters whom Mr. Marion Crawford, greatly daring, has introduced into his book was in his lifetime responsible for the impolite statement that he could have got on in England were it not for Englishmen. One is inclined to borrow this statement and vary it into an assertion that immortality would be doubtless tolerable were it not for the immortals. With a good deal of Mr. Crawford's work we have no fault to find. We are, indeed, unable to understand precisely why, by producing currents of electricity on a vast scale, you should not only bring about a serious atmospheric disturbance (that is intelligible enough), but also enable certain dead persons to become visible. The galvanic battery may contain the potentiality of spooks beyond the dreams of the most desperate spook-hunter. But we don't quite see why? And a minor difficulty, which perhaps Mr. Crawford will set down to mere critical "cussedness," also occurs to us. We are expressly told at the end of the story that the disappearance of the "Immortals" is due to the exhaustion of the currents. Yet it is just before that disappearance that quite the most wonderful of all the manifestations, the apparition of the sirens in true siren form, and singing real siren songs, takes place. Did the current, like Mr. Pickwick and the familiar candle, make one last brilliant effort before exhaustion?

But, perhaps, as readers of reviews are not invariably supposed to have read the book already, we ought to give a rather clearer idea of what the story actually is. It really consists of little but conversations on love, politics, and things in general—very much in the manner of Sir Arthur Helps, Mr. Mallock, and that kind of person—between four "mortals"—Augustus Chard, an English gentleman of fortune, who has a castle on the Neapolitan coast; his wife, Gwendoline; his sister, Diana; his mother-in-law, Lady Brenda (a most amiable mother-in-law she), and a batch of "immortals," arranged on something like the principles of the Groves of Blarney, and consisting, in chronological order, of Cæsar, Lionardo da Vinci, Francis I. (who is not too well mated with his company), Bayard (an almost *muta persona*), Pascal, Dr. Johnson, Heine, and Chopin. These immortals behave quite like mortals of a modern type, except that they have an ugly trick of disappearing abruptly; and we fear it must be said that they also talk like some mortals of a very modern type too—that is to say, they prose consumedly. There is no help for it; they do. Occasionally they quote their old selves, and then they are most tolerable and fairly well to be endured. Sometimes (especially Heine and Johnson, for the others have no particular mannerisms to catch) they ape and parody their old selves, and then we find them less tolerable. But for by far the larger part of the time they talk just like contributors to a symposium; and then we find them, save at rare intervals, very intolerable indeed. It is indeed odd that a remarkably clever man like Mr. Crawford should think it worth his while to fetch up Heine from a deeper grave, alas! than the "mattress" one to tell us that

A hungry coal-heaver who eats a two-pound loaf at a sitting is moderate, while a lazy fine gentleman who takes an extra ounce or two of a *pâté de gibier* or an extra glass of dry champagne merely because he likes those things is immoderate.

We have no absolute objection to the statement that

Pudding is an object desirable for its own sake, like woman.

But we cannot see that it gains the slightest force from being put in the actual mouth of Dr. Johnson. The discourse of Lionardo on the Renaissance in general and Cæsar Borgia in particular contains some very sensible things; but it might just as well come from any nineteenth-century essayist as from the painter of the "Last Supper." Even when he says that artists "should not begin by drawing academical noses and architectural eyebrows, as they generally do," though the remark is in his vocation, it seems to us almost as unnecessary to produce his corporal or incorporeal voucher for it as to cite the hermit who spoke to the niece of Queen Gorboduc as an authority for another still more striking and orthodox doctrine. Surely immortals need not interfere except in other-guess knots than this? Nay, when great Cæsar says "Humour is a parade, wit is warfare," we are inclined to think that great Cæsar talks nonsense. However, other people may think differently; and no doubt there are some pretty things in *With the Immortals* besides these rather dreary conversations, which, unluckily, are the staple of the book. Naturally the least interesting people make the most inter-

esting conversations. We know little how Francis talked, and his discussions on love with Lady Brenda (though not at all suggesting Brantôme) might pass. But Cæsar and Pascal and Heine? Shakspeare could have done it, or Scott (though Pascal was not much in his way), or Thackeray, but hardly, we think, Mr. Crawford. At any rate, he has not; and, as he is by no means the only author recently who has tried this perilous kind of resurrection, it is just as well to point out mildly, but critically, that the thing is very dubiously worth doing at all in such a way as this, and that it certainly is not done here.

The variety of uses of the genuine (not the boojumic) snark is aptly illustrated in Dr. Macdonald's last novel. You may make a theological treatise of it; it is capital as a companion and moral guide to the collector of curiosities; it will teach a young lady how to propose to (and be rejected by) a young man who is not a gentleman by birth, and it has several other possible uses and improvements. Of actual story in it there is not very much, though what there is set out with sufficient skill. Alexa Fordyce, a Scotch young lady, has a father who is a laird, a scholar, a miser, and a collector. The father has a tenant who is a farmer, a model of self-sufficiency, and apparently the inventor of one of those patent go-as-you-please private versions of Christianity of which there are so many about nowadays. The threads of the story are the gradual change on Alexa's part from patronizing interest in Andrew Ingram, the farmer, into love; the more level affection between Andrew and a young person of his own class and religious principles who is also a servant in the Fordyces' house; the fortunes of a certain George Crawford who begins with a broken leg, is nursed by Alexa, and would like her to love him; and, lastly, the fortunes of a gold jewelled cup, the apple of old Fordyce's eye; he has bought it more or less fairly, but he knows it very well to have been stolen, and he also knows the rightful owner. We are happy to say that Andrew's patent religion and the common or garden variety agree in regarding it as the duty of man in such cases to make restitution, so on that point there is nothing to say. That Alexa, who is really rather a nice girl (Dr. Macdonald has drawn nice girls from the wicked birch-tree in *Phantastes* downwards; it is his young men that will not do), should have resolved to journey to Dunstable for the sake of a priggish and clownish lay preacher is sad but possible. George Crawford and his share in the story do not interest us at all, and when "Dawtie," the she-Andrew, is accused of the theft of the cup, we know little or nothing will come of it. But the charm of the book is to be found in the eccentric deliverances of the author. A novel of Dr. Macdonald's is always a treasury of authoritative decisions on life, literature, conduct, and things in general. It is very interesting to know that "more than one of the strongest women" Dr. Macdonald has "known were defective in chin." Another sentence met quite early in the book and sure to strike the most careless is "that every man is endlessly greater than what he calls himself must seem a paradox to the ignorant and dull, but a universe would be impossible without it." That a man who knows what a universe would and what it would not be possible with must be endlessly greater than most of us is surely clear. That "if a man do not starve and slay" the "ova of death" [bad tendencies] as soon as they "show their existence," they "will drag him to the judgment seat of a fiery indignation" seems rather a mixed metaphor. "We wrong those near us in being independent of them" sounds like one of those propositions which in a state of blessed intellectual idleness it would be rather fun to argue first for and then against, and then to prove them indifferent, as the learned gentleman did with the question of wearing a beard long ago. The really odd thing is, however, or would be, if we had not got accustomed to it, that anybody should write such things for the purpose of putting them into a novel, or write a novel for the purpose of putting such things into it. There are so many pulpits, lecture-rooms, departments of newspapers and magazines reserved for miscellaneous essays, and other lumber rooms and depositories of shot rubbish which would seem to suit them better. Not, of course, that Dr. Macdonald's shootings are always rubbish by any means. But he seems so determined to do the thing by the cartload that, in the nature of human affairs and abilities, a good deal of rubbish has to be included.

A Dream and a Forgetting is one of the slightest things that Mr. Julian Hawthorne has done, but it is by no means one of the worst. It would have been better if it had been not recounted in the first person, but told in the ordinary way, and it would also have been better if, succinct as it is, it had been girt still closer. But its short space admits of none of the inequalities which are usual in the author's work, and for little of the occasional intrusiveness of his personality. Fairfax Boardwine, a Yankee yeoman, is also a person of culture, and believes himself to be a great poet. His better angel in every way is his betrothed, Mary Gault—a school marm, of course, but fortunately not gifted with the usual lingo of the class as represented either by Mr. Howells or by Mrs. Adeline T. D. Whitney. And it comes to pass that Fairfax, on an inspiration of Mary's rather than his own, writes what is really a good, if not a great, poem with the title of this book. So he goes to New York, and falls into the hands, if not of the Philistines, yet of Delilah, in the shape of his publisher's wife. We are given to understand that he kisses that lady (which is surely not one of the rights for which our English authors' friends are striving?); and the extension of the natural state of war between eminent hands and the trade to still more unlawful lengths is only prevented by the

* *With the Immortals*. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

The Elect Lady. By George Macdonald. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

A Dream and a Forgetting. By Julian Hawthorne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

Moonlight by the Shannon Shore. By N. Paul, R.A. London: Jarrold. 1888.

failure of the drama into which, under his Delilah's influence, he has cast his poem. We do not say how the story ends. There is nothing very new in it, and Fairfax Boardwine is only one of the innumerable children of Elsley Vavasour, otherwise John Briggs. Mr. Hawthorne has curled the old story's hair for it, and put a new suit on it, and presented it in a presentable fashion enough. But whether Fairfax was really cured of verse-writing we doubt; that kind goeth not out by *semeldamnation* in what the versifier is sure to represent to himself as a mistaken excursion from the true path. Whether the kissing of other men's wives, when once begun, is also hard to discontinue is a point on which it is not necessary to give an opinion.

Major Paul has written in a simple style a capital book. John Seebright, gentleman by birth, and sergeant in Her Majesty's service by fortune, suddenly comes into a fortune in another sense, part of which is a farm in Ireland. Now the said farm has a beautiful young mistress and a haunted mound or "rath," and is boycotted. But it has so happened that the sergeant during his service has made himself very popular with certain good Irishmen—that is to say, not good Nationalists at all, but gunners in Her Majesty's service—and these excellent fellows, on their discharge, not knowing what else to do for him, have pledged themselves in writing to do his behests in any part of the kingdom of Ireland where he may sojourn; a promise which, having at the time not the faintest notion that he shall ever find himself there, he has received with gracious good humour, but without the least expectation of its ever coming to anything. As may be guessed, Major Paul's story turns on the way in which, by the assistance of his ex-gunners and by working the terrors of the rath, Seebright succeeds in baffling the emissaries of the League, visiting some of them with condign punishment, and into the bargain winning the fairy gold, and something else too, which it is not necessary to mention to the instructed reader. The story goes off with real trippingness, and the spirit and style are as healthy and sound as the sentiments. May all the Sarsfield Barretts of Ireland have their necks broken, and all the Leaguers feel the fists of such good fellows as Corny Considine and Micky Roche and the rest, should be the very fervent prayer of all good Englishmen and Irishmen, who may add thanks to Major Paul, and may buy his book for the encouragement of youth in the practice of sound loyalty and the reading of good stories.

OLD GLASGOW.*

UNLIKE most of the great commercial centres of the world Glasgow had a past which is well worth chronicling. In any other country but Scotland the beauty of the site alone would make the town remarkable. Like Rome, it is a city standing on a cluster of hills and watered by a noble river. Hitherto the tourist has looked on Glasgow merely as a point of departure for the beautiful scenery of the West. Mr. MacGeorge's history will teach him that it has intrinsic interest which makes it well worth visiting on its own account. Of the "Roman occupation" there is nothing to tell. Indeed the Romans cannot properly be said to have "occupied" Glasgow at all. It was not a British town, and there is no proof of its having been a Roman one. The Romans only passed over it as they did over the rest of the country, and left a few pieces of pottery behind them, which have been grubbed up in recent times. But their fort was at the end of the great wall which touched the river many miles lower down nearer the British Dumbarton. Mr. MacGeorge, therefore, begins his book with the story of Kentigern, or Mungo, called by courtesy the first bishop, and reckoned the founder of the see. Half-hidden among the forest of giant chimneys—or "stalks," as they are locally called—which cluster round and over-top it, rises the spire of the Cathedral Church of that see, a monument to the courage of the crafts who restrained the destructive frenzy of the Reformers. Down to the time of the Reformation the history of the Church is the history of the city. It is doubly interesting, as being the sole surviving specimen of the cathedral churches of Scotland, and as marking the site of one of the early Christian settlements in the country. Nor was it, like the other churches of Scotland, an offshoot from the monastery of Iona. The church of Glasgow was of British and not of Irish foundation. Long before the emigration of Columba and his followers from Ireland to the Western Isles Ninian had preached the Gospel among the pagans of Strathclyde. He planted the cross in the forest-girdled glade on the banks of the Molendinar. Here his disciples continued his labours, and in all likelihood lost their lives, for when Kentigern came to rekindle on the same spot the now-extinguished light of Christianity their burial-place was the only trace left of these early missionaries. But in spite of St. Mungo's sanctity and his miracles the church of his foundation fared no better than the one that had preceded it. Again the district lapsed into a state very little removed from the paganism of the earliest times. It was David who was the effectual founder of the see which soon rose to be the rival of the primacy of St. Andrews. But it has been pointed out that, as far as regards Glasgow, he did not show himself as the "sair sanct for the crown." He did not endow it with Crown

lands, but merely caused the restitution of those which had been conferred upon the see by private donors. Glasgow was more personally connected with this prince than any of his other foundations, embracing as it did within its jurisdiction his own principality of Strathclyde. For this reason, perhaps, he gave his former tutor the see. But Bishop John was so disgusted with the difficulties of his charge that he forsook it on pretext of going on pilgrimage to Rome. It was only when his royal pupil succeeded to the throne of Scotland that he consented to return. Fire at some later date destroyed the church that John left behind him. It is to the energy of Joceline, bishop in the later part of the twelfth century, that the present structure owes its origin. To awaken general interest in the work he caused a life of St. Mungo to be compiled by his namesake Joceline, the monk of Furness. This life was written to exalt the saint in popular estimation. He was invested with a halo of supernatural powers, and his position and power were magnified recklessly. This was intended to meet the claim of the Archbishops of York, who looked on Glasgow as a part of their province. How far Joceline completed the church which he had planned, and how much of his work remains are disputed points. Mr. MacGeorge suggests that his building was merely temporary and was afterwards succeeded by a more permanent structure, and that fragments of the vaulting and a small pillar in the crypt are the only parts of the present church which date from his episcopate.

There is, I think, every reason to believe that the present magnificent structure was only commenced to be built by Bishop Bondington, who was consecrated in 1233, and this is the result arrived at, after a critical investigation, by Mr. Honeyman, whose eminence as an architect, and attainments as an archaeologist, entitle his opinion to the greatest respect. Mr. Honeyman made a more careful examination of the structure, and a more strict comparison of its styles of architecture than appears to have been done before, and the conclusion at which he arrived was that the only portion which remains of the building consecrated in 1197 is a small pillar and part of the vaulting in the south-west corner of the crypt.

Competent authorities differ from this opinion, and ascribe the crypt as it now stands entirely to Joceline. It was consecrated in 1197, and the great fair was instituted to celebrate the event. This fair still goes on, and is the great "holiday" and junketing time of the poorer citizens. It has ceased to be a movable feast, however, and is fixed now to begin on the second Monday in July instead of on the octave of St. Peter's Day, as in old times.

In justification of his theory Mr. MacGeorge observes that at the supposed time of the building of the present cathedral the style in which it is erected was not even in existence. Here we think he has lost sight of the difference between the crypt and the superstructure. The crypt, if we remember rightly, is First Pointed. There were many other ecclesiastical buildings in this style in Scotland, all built before the end of the twelfth century, when the English war put an end to this, the great period of church building north of the Tweed. The older parts of Holyrood are examples of this style, and there are good reasons for ascribing them to a date prior to 1174, when the Canons took up their abode there. The choir is the work of Bishop Bondington, who cleared off a heavy debt incurred by his predecessors to the merchants of Florence. A national collection was raised to get funds for carrying on the work, and with this fund the central tower and transepts were erected. The warlike Wishart bought from the Lord of Luss the right to cut timber in his forests; but the steeple which he added to the tower was consumed by lightning, and the present spire was not finished till the middle of the fifteenth century. The nave was in progress from the fourteenth century, and the date of its completion is uncertain. Blackadder, the first archbishop, meditated an extension of the south transept, but only finished the crypt. The stunted western tower, pulled down within the memory of the present generation, dated from the end of the fifteenth century. The Consistory House shared its fate. Mr. MacGeorge inveighs against this act of sacrilege, as he calls it. But, whatever may be thought of the tower, the removal of the "vile Consistory House" is a decided gain to the general effect of the whole. The building of this High Church of Glasgow—it is noteworthy that we find this name given to it before the Reformation—was looked on as a national undertaking. The Church resorted to all the usual means to raise money to carry it on, and urged upon all who would save their souls the necessity of contributing to the good work. To bequests and collections the sale of indulgences was added, and at the time of the Jubilee of 1450 the Pope allowed a pilgrimage to Glasgow to be reckoned equivalent to a pilgrimage to Rome. The slow rate at which the work progressed gave rise to the popular saying that any seemingly endless task was "Like St. Mungo's work, it will never be done." Besides the High Church, Glasgow could offer attractions to pious pilgrims. There was the miracle-working well of St. Tinew, the mother of Kentigern. The waters of this well were in great repute for the cure of all the ills that flesh is heir to, and the branches of the tree that hung over it were laden with votive offerings, fashioned in the form of fragments of the human body, presented by grateful patients who fancied themselves cured. The name still lingers in the form St. Enoch, now borne by a church and a square. Strangers are not a little puzzled to know why a Christian church should have for patron an antediluvian worthy never canonized. Another Glasgow saint, whose name might baffle hagiologists, is St. Rollox. In Glasgow he lends his name to the tallest chimney in the world, in Paris to one of the most fashionable churches. St. Rollox is none other than the French St. Roch, though what brought him so far from his native Auvergne there is no tradition left to tell us.

* *Old Glasgow; the Place and the People, from the Roman Occupation to the Eighteenth Century.* By Andrew MacGeorge. London: Blackie & Son, 1888.

The fall of the old church changed the destinies of Glasgow. There must have been a large body of resident clergy attached to the cathedral, for there were thirty-nine canonries, each with a house and garden attached to it. Indeed Glasgow can boast of having numbered kings among its canons, for the second and the fourth James both had stalls in the choir. Then there was a constant concourse of strangers attracted to the residence of the archbishops. In the days of those keen statesmen, the Betsuns, the palace was a centre of political intrigue. Some of the nobility had mansions in the city, and the all-accomplished Lord Boyd did not disdain to accept the dignity of Provost. It was at the house of the Earl of Lennox in Glasgow that Darnley was laid up with the illness which brought his wife to his side. It was there that the unfortunate Mary was supposed to have written the Casket Letters while nursing him through it. When the canons were turned out and the palace deserted a period of great depression fell upon the city. Thanks to the noble river upon which it stands it awoke to new life, entered the lists of commerce, and has risen to be one of the great trade centres of Europe. The Clyde is to modern, what the cathedral was to mediæval, Glasgow—the source of its strength and the fountain of its life. It is curious to find that the first quay built upon the river at the Broomielaw was faced with timber torn from the High Church. The outlet towards the west gave Glasgow special facilities for carrying on the American trade. It was sugar and tobacco that laid the foundation of its fortune. Mr. MacGeorge traces the gradual development of these branches of trade from the opening of the first sugar-house in 1667, when four merchants combined and took a small apartment for boiling sugar, and engaged a Dutchman as master-boiler. Their venture was successful, and from this small beginning the trade expanded till a large proportion of the sugar used in the United Kingdom was imported by Glasgow.

But the river was not always friendly to the townsfolk. From time to time it left its bed and overspread the low-lying parts of the city, causing great destruction of property and loss of life. These floods or "spates," as they are locally called, continued into the present century. An eye-witness tells how one evening he went to bed leaving the river three feet high in his dining-room. Next day he found himself four hundred feet from dry land, and made his escape through water that reached to his shoulders and was running like a mill race. In 1782 the Clyde rose twenty, and in 1816 seventeen feet above its usual level. In its normal state the river was in parts very shallow. The first attempts at deepening its bed were made in 1740. In 1769 the depth of the harbour was only fourteen inches. It is now as many feet. The first steamer, the *Comet*, though it only drew four feet, grounded at Renfrew, which is half a dozen miles or so lower down the river, although the tide was not low, and the men got over the side and pushed her over the shoal. In the last hundred years 8½ millions sterling have been spent in deepening the river, with such a happy result that vessels drawing twenty-four feet can pass safely up to the Broomielaw. The shipbuilding trade, for which the Clyde is now famous, has grown up within the present century. A hundred years ago not a boat was built on the river. The total amount of tonnage of Clyde-built ships for the fourteen years ending with 1884 was 3,300,000 tons, or an average of over 230,000 tons yearly.

It would fill a volume to notice all the interesting facts collected by Mr. MacGeorge from the records of the city. From the careful details cited in his pages of society and manners we can form a picture faithful as a photograph of burgher life in Scotland in bygone days. The illustrations are of the highest interest, showing the outward presentment of time-honoured buildings that have fallen before the ruthless hand of improvement. A careful and accurate map shows at a glance more forcibly than any printed words can do the wonderful expansion of the last century, and the striking contrast between the Glasgow of 1773 and the Glasgow of to-day.

WHOPPING A LORD.*

THERE are more, and more satisfactory, ways of "Whopping a Lord" than such as are liable to end in an uncomfortable and expensive interview with Mr. Edlin. For the ingenious one adopted by Mrs. Chapman it is only necessary that your Lord should have written a poem which everybody has read. Lord Tennyson is such a man, and the result, if we remember right, of a "poll," such as the *Journal of Education* may have instituted, was to show that *In Memoriam* was, of all his poetical works, that which most people believed likely to be most popular with most other people. Therefore Mrs. Chapman wrote an "analysis" of *In Memoriam*, and finding that, when published along with "other Miscellanies," under the misleading (and unattractive) title of *A Comtist Lover, and other Studies*, it secured a "cordial reception" from somebody, she has promoted it to the "more convenient form" of a "Companion," and hopes that it may "prove acceptable to a larger number of fellow-students of the Poem."

The best way of giving a faint idea of the *Companion*, and enabling our readers to judge for themselves whether they wish to study the whopping of Lord Tennyson in detail, will be to indicate one or two of the more celebrated of the short pieces of

which *In Memoriam* consists, and to reproduce the paraphrase in which the *Companion* presents the substance of the poet's imagining, stripped—for greater ease of whopping—of the meretriciously rhetorical wrappings in which the author thought proper to disguise it. "I hold it truth with him who sings &c." wrote Lord Tennyson, with a well-known allusion to stepping-stones. "The Poet," translates Mrs. Chapman, "holds that we may outlive and even profit by our sins of the past, but he sees not [why not "does not see"?], in his grief, how the void misery of bereavement can be turned to account. Unless, indeed, the loss be forgotten, which were [would be] far worse, as leaving the bereaved less worthy, if less unhappy." Other famous verses begin, "Dark house, by which once more I stand Here in the long unlovely street," and end, "On the bald street breaks the blank day." Here is Mrs. Chapman's rendering:—"At early dawn, sleepless and restless, he wanders towards the house whose door his friend had been used to open to him. While he muses there, the city wakes, and, amid rain and gloom, another dreary day begins." The poet does not say anything about his friend opening the door, but carelessly leaves it to be inferred that a maid, or butler, may have been kept for the purpose. Any one can see how much more truly poetical is the idea suggested by the *Companion*. It is part of the whopping. "I hear the noise about thy keel" go certain lines to which Mr. Holman Hunt has provided another sort of companion. This *Companion* says, "He pictures all the sights and sounds of the homeward-bound ship, carrying the precious freight which he desires to have deposited in quiet church or churchyard, not in the turbulent ocean. Doubtless it is but the look of peace that beguiles him; but we are made thus." The exquisite pathos of the last sentence will apprise the wary reader that it is not paraphrase, but gloss. "There twice a day the Severn fills; The salt sea-water passes by, And hushes half the babbling Wye, And makes a silence in the hills." Who has ever been able to understand this complicated imagery? Now, all may know that "Musing on the resting-place of his friend, the Poet likens his own heart to the tidal rivers near which he [who?] lies. As these are silent when fullest, so his hours of deepest grief are voiceless. As their waves become audible at ebb-tide, so, as his worst anguish ebbs, the powers of speech and song return to him." Compare the scientific precision of this last sentence with the unhappy nobleman's bald "And I can speak a little then"! Turning over nearly all the pages, we come upon the following transcript of the familiar stanzas concerning Cambridge, the boats, the Cambridge Conversazione Society, and the "bar of Michael Angelo." "Re-visiting the University, where they two, with a band of chosen friends, so often held debate, the memory of Arthur's pre-eminence among that little band, of his inspired discourse, his trenchant logic, his illumined countenance, returns with a new vividness. Each common sight and sound of college and of town speaks only of him."

If the foregoing specimens fail to give a sufficient idea of Mrs. Chapman's value as a companion to fellow-students of *In Memoriam* it would not be given, not if the whole book were to be set out, which would be an infringement of copyright probably sufficient to induce Mr. Justice Kay to send to prison the proprietor, editor, staff, printer, vendors, purchasers, and readers of the *Saturday Review*, and everybody in any way connected with any of them. Therefore, it only remains to state that, as the *Companion* proceeds steadily through the poem stanza by stanza, and sometimes line by line, it waxes particularly intimate with the gentleman whose initials are prefixed by Lord Tennyson to his work, and speaks of him as "Arthur" about twice on each page. It calls him Arthur because it is entitled to take that liberty. The implied rebuke to the affected reserve with which the noble author sought for the most part to give to his lines an impersonal flavour of general application is exceedingly effective. In fact, the whole composition, from one end to the other, is just as effective as it can be. The whole naked substance of *In Memoriam*—except here and there something of no importance, like the "measured pulse of racing oars," or the supper-party in Hallam's rooms—is laid out clear and straight in unvarnished prose that nobody can have any excuse for not understanding. In one word the poet is thoroughly well whopped—although he is a Lord.

A MISSING CHAPTER OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.*

WE may borrow a phrase from one of Mr. George Grossmith's popular songs and say that, had this book never been published, it would "never have been missed." General Showers, after leisurely reflection, seems to have come to the conclusion that his services at an eventful period were not adequately rewarded; that his advice at a crisis should have been followed; that he was not properly supported by his superior, the late Sir George P. Lawrence, who was then the Agent for the Rajput States; and, finally, that Lord Dalhousie's policy was erroneous and unsound and was one of the principal causes of the mutiny. A careful perusal of this vindication of himself and a reference to the official and unofficial literature of the Sepoy revolt has satisfied

* *A Companion to In Memoriam*. By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, Author of "The New Purgatory; and other Poems" &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

* *A Missing Chapter of the Indian Mutiny*. By Lieutenant-General Charles Lionel Showers, Political Resident in the Meywar States (Rajputana) during the period in question. London: Longmans & Co. New York: 15 East 16th Street. 1888.

us that General Showers has no real grievance, and that he has added little or nothing to the materials for history. At the outbreak the author, then Captain Showers, was Political Agent at Odeypore, or Udaipur as the purists spell it, the capital of Meywar. The reigning family is admitted to be the highest in rank and dignity of all the Rajput clans. No European sovereign numbers amongst his subjects any noble of such lineage and antiquity. By general tradition the Rana of Odeypore is the representative of Rama, the mythical hero of the great Hindoo epic poem. By evidence which may be called historical the present head of this State can trace his descent to an ancestor, Kanak Sen, who lived in the second century of our era. No Rajputs ever made such a noble resistance to the armies of the Emperor of Delhi as did those of Meywar. Of none are there recorded such brilliant feats of *derring-do*. And the Rana can boast that, unlike Jaipore and others, his forefathers never gave a daughter in marriage to Akbar or Jehangir.

General Showers is quite justified in asserting that the conduct of the Rajput chiefs in 1857 proved an important element in the issues of that eventful year; and we can give him due credit for activity, resolution, courage, and determination to make the best of the small forces which, in common with Englishmen at that time all over India, he had at his disposal and knew that he could trust. But we really cannot follow him through all the cumbersome paragraphs in which he tries to make out that Charles Showers was always right and George Lawrence always wrong. It seems to us quite clear that the Agent of the Governor-General was justified in a refusal to denude the important station of Ajmir of troops, as the author wished him to do. And Lawrence, as the highest representative of British authority in those parts, is further entitled to the credit of having maintained order and stemmed the torrent. British influence and authority, if menaced or impaired for a time by the revolts of Sepoys at Nusserabad and Neemuch, were practically sustained until the tide of events turned in our favour. Neither is General Showers successful in an attempt to convict his superior officer of misrepresentation. His proofs and arguments are singularly weak and inconclusive; and we shall not say more on this head than that the exhumation of controversial matters, when one of the actors has passed away, strikes us as neither fair nor generous. General Showers might have remained content with the publication of his previous work, and with the verdict passed on him by the late Sir John Kaye. The historian of the Mutiny, Vol. III. p. 354, writes:—

Captain Showers had high courage, unquestionable ability, and a rare gift of speech. But he wanted judgment and discretion, especially that kind of discretion which recognizes subordination as the main principle of all service, and which never gives way to the practical egotism which men of strong convictions are, in defiance of authority, so prone to indulge.

However it is satisfactory to acknowledge that the Agent in Meywar does not claim to be styled a "hero" because he purposely kept his superior in ignorance, or because he ordered his subordinates to abandon their posts. On the contrary, Captain Showers told the Agent what he thought and what he wanted, and stuck to his Station, like a man. It was by this policy that Provinces and districts were saved.

Apart from personal grievances, some of the author's deliverances on public questions cannot be passed over. It seems that somewhere about the year 1856 the author penned a memorandum on what he terms the Annexation Policy, and left it at the India Office. Neither the original, nor a copy taken by Sir Henry Lawrence to Lucknow, where it was no doubt lost in the siege, has ever turned up. We can hardly set the same value on this missing document as we should on a comedy by Menander or a speech by Bolingbroke. But whatever the arguments may have been they are singularly inapplicable to the Rajput States. It may be as well to remind readers that no Rajput State was ever annexed for lapse or failure of heirs, and that no eminent Rajput Prince joined the ranks of the rebels. It is perfectly true that, when the Raja of Kerowli died in July 1852, after adopting a son, Lord Dalhousie did consider whether that State should be annexed. In his minute on this subject the Governor-General expressed consideration for the antiquity, position, and feelings of the Rajput Princes, and ultimately referred the question for the decision of the Court of Directors. That body took nearly six months to think over it, and ultimately decided against annexation. Surely the right deduction from these facts is that the Rajput Chiefs, so far from dreading a gradual process of absorption, must have been tranquillized by the result of the treatment of one of their own number. At any rate, it is certain that Rajputana was positively if not actively with us, while with regard to this particular State of Kerowli, its Princes had always been treated with the greatest forbearance. In 1826 assistance given by the chief of that day to the Bhurtpore rebel, Doorjun Sal, was overlooked after the capture of the fortress by Lord Combermere. No interest was charged on a State debt of long standing, and after the mutiny the Maharaja received a dress of honour and a substantial reduction in his tribute, and was declared entitled to a salute of seventeen instead of fifteen guns. In truth, a great deal of the clamour about lapse, annexation, and refusal to allow adoption, raised against the policy of Lord Dalhousie was fully exposed by the late Sir Charles Jackson in 1865. At a previous date the sanction of the Paramount Power, British or Mohammedan, had always been held necessary to render valid an adoption to a Principality. It had been conceded in the case of Jhansi in 1835, when Lord Dalhousie had just left Christ Church, and had been refused in 1841 and 1843 to the

small states of Colaba and Mandavi. Sir John Kaye must bear a great responsibility for inventing this awful doctrine of lapse, but he never vilified the character and motives of the deceased Governor-General.

We have a more serious charge to bring against General Showers. The present age, we know, is one given to white-washing notorious bad characters. We never expected an Indian official of experience to palliate the crimes and to denounce the execution of Tantia Topi. This man, by caste a weaver, by experience an artilleryman, had no doubt many of the qualities which lead to success in the field. At an earlier period of our history he might have carved out for himself a kingdom like Haidar Ali. He pressed General Windham very hard at Cawnpore. He made dashes at Rajputana. Beaten in the field by abler strategists and superior forces, driven from entrenchments, deprived of his material and his baggage, he more than once executed a masterly retreat. For nearly two years he crossed mountain passes, eluded our vigilance, and was heard of from the Ganges to the Nerbudda, from Cawnpore to Baroda. Not till April 1859 was he captured, tried, and executed. General Showers asks whether history will approve of this sentence, and he compares the proceedings in the trial of Tantia Topi with those of Dewan Mulraj after the second Sikh war. There is no parallel whatever between the two cases. The Dewan was the servant of the Sikh Durbar, hurried into rebellion by the murder of Agnew and Anderson, which he was not shown to have deliberately planned, and as gallant an enemy as we ever encountered. In the work before us Tantia Topi is represented as the servant of a foreign master who had been unfairly treated by us, and whose orders Tantia was bound to obey. This is pure sophistry. The Nana, a private individual living at Bithoor, and enjoying a large amount of personal property in a British district, was to all practical intent a subject of the Company, and not an independent prince. It is pleaded for Tantia Topi that he had not been shown to be privy to the murder of any British subject, to the dishonouring of English women, or to any of those exceptions mentioned in the Royal Amnesty which placed the perpetrators beyond the reach of clemency. But what says Sir John Kaye about the massacre of Cawnpore? "I do not think that there can be the least doubt of the guilty activity of Tantia Topi in this foul deed." The grounds for the historian's opinion are that Tantia himself admitted his presence at Cawnpore at the time of the slaughter, but pleaded that he gave the signal to start the boats, which the Sepoys, who were uncontrollable, chose to interpret as a signal for massacre. To say nothing of the antecedent improbability of this version, witnesses examined at the trial distinctly deposed to having heard him give orders to the Sepoys and the Sowars to "rush into the water and spare none." It is really ridiculous to compare a monster of this sort with a patriot such as Hofer, the Tyrolean, as another writer does, or a rebel like Mulraj. Kaye was guilty of neither exaggeration nor misstatement when he wrote of Tantia Topi as "the master-butcher and the foremost agent in this hellish work." We have always thought that if the Nana had survived the jungle-fever of the Nepal Terai he would have found sickly sentimentalists to weep over his probable fate. Whether a foreign or a British subject, his henchman, Tantia Topi, was very justly hanged after a fair trial, conducted by officials perfectly competent to discern between truth and falsehood.

Some of the chapters of this work are enlivened by illustrations of beautiful palaces in Rajputana, and there is one especially interesting as the refuge of Englishmen and Englishwomen who had escaped from Neemuch. Controversial matter is partly redeemed by a chivalrous episode of early Rajput history of the thirteenth century, which would suit the pen of Sir E. Arnold or Sir A. Lyall. General Showers, by the way, does not strike us as an Orientalist. His Urdu, especially, is hardly up to the mark of a Political Agent in Rajputana or anywhere else. A vagabond who carries his house on his shoulders, as the Persian phrase pithily puts it, is a *khana-ba-dosh*, and not a *kana ba doz*. And a *naubat-khana* is not a "native band," but the music gallery where the band performs. We conclude with an exhibition of sentiment with which we can sympathize. On one occasion, when employed against the mutineers, General Showers could not help looking on the revolted 5th Bengal Irregular Cavalry "with mingled pride and regret." "Having formerly been adjutant of the regiment, I could hardly suppress a secret feeling of gratification at observing the good drill they exhibited," while lamenting the defection of such gallant soldiers. Similarly Macaulay records the pride of the banished cavaliers when they saw "a brigade of their countrymen, outnumbered by foes and abandoned by allies, drive in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage into a counterscarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the Marshals of France." In both cases the sentiment was praiseworthy and natural.

TESTING MATERIALS.*

PROFESSOR UNWIN'S book is at once a treatise on the strength of materials and a text-book for the Engineering Laboratory. The engineering laboratory is, comparatively, so

* *The Testing of Materials of Construction.* By W. C. Unwin, F.R.S., M.Inst.C.E., Professor of Engineering at the Central Institution of the City and Guilds of London Institute. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

novel an institution that its name may be unfamiliar to many readers. An engineering workshop they know, a chemical or a physical laboratory they know, but what is an engineering laboratory? Briefly, then, it is a place for scientific experiments in engineering—a place where such measurements are made as have a direct bearing on engineering problems. The strength and stiffness of materials, the power developed by steam-engines or gas-engines and its relation to the fuel consumed, friction and the losses of power which it occasions, the flow of water and the resistance of various channels, are instances of things which an engineer ought to be able to measure accurately and which he will learn to measure in an engineering laboratory. Some foreign laboratories, such as the Government establishments at Malines and at Berlin, exist only to carry out commercial tests or scientific researches; but in general an engineering laboratory aims mainly at the education of engineers. The student learns something in it which he does not learn either in the lecture-room or at the bench. It supplements the teaching of the lecture-room, making it vivid and real without encroaching on the practical training which is to follow in the workshop. The student of first-rate parts acquires in the laboratory the habit of original research; the second-best young man, as Fleeming Jenkin has said, learns the invaluable lesson of what accuracy in measurement means. The quick growth of engineering laboratories may be taken as proof that they supply a real need and are doing good educational service. In England the initiative was taken ten years ago by Professor Kennedy, of University College, and there are now other laboratories at work or in process of formation in connexion with engineering chairs in the City and Guilds of London Institute, as well as at Cooper's Hill, Bristol, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Liverpool, Manchester, and Dundee. The polytechnic schools of Berlin, Munich, Chemnitz, Stuttgart, Hanover, Vienna, Prague, Buda-Pesth, Zürich, St. Petersburg, and Stockholm have them. In America establishments of the same kind abound, the most notable of which is the finely equipped laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In all engineering laboratories the testing of materials forms a principal part of the work, and much ingenuity has been shown in the design of machines by which specimens may be pulled, compressed, bent, or twisted, to determine their strength to resist one or another of the modes of stress that exist in structures. Such tests are full of scientific interest, and, apart from that, they are of immediate service to the engineer. It might be supposed that the practical value of testing would be exhausted when a number of results had been obtained and tabulated once for all; that it would serve to refer to old experiments instead of making new ones. How far that is from being true may be judged from the fact that every plate of steel which goes to make up the boiler of a steam-ship has a strip cut from it to be tested in the presence of a representative of Lloyd's, if the steamer is to be classed there, and in the presence of a Board of Trade surveyor if she is to have a passenger certificate. And the requirements of the engineer are more exacting than a layman may be ready to suppose. It is not enough that the strength shall exceed a certain limit. A plate would be rejected as being too weak if a strip one square inch in section failed to bear a pull of about twenty-six tons; on the other hand, a strength of thirty-two tons or so would be considered to be dangerously high, because experience shows that so much strength, good as it is in itself, implies the probable existence of certain vices, such as a want of plasticity and a tendency to crack.

Professor Unwin begins with a sketch of the mathematical theory of the strength of materials, which is too slight to be quite satisfactory. The student should seek and will readily find a fuller treatment of this part of the subject in other text-books. Nowhere else, however, will he find so complete and exact an account of the matter on its experimental side. The behaviour of materials under stress is minutely set forth. The principal forms of testing-machine are described with the help of very clear diagrams, and their various distinctive features are compared and criticized. Interesting details are given of the remarkable machine designed by Mr. Emery and built by the United States Government at Watertown Arsenal, which seems able to measure the breaking strength of everything, from a horsehair to a steel bar five inches in diameter, with equal ease and nearly equal accuracy. Other testing-machines are as powerful as this, but in its amazing union of power with delicacy the Emery machine stands alone.

A specially complete and useful section of the book deals with the minor appurtenances of testing-machines—such as the apparatus by which fine measurements are made of the small elastic extension or compression of materials under the action of a moderate amount of pull or thrust, or, again, the apparatus by which autographic diagrams are drawn, showing the much greater deformation which a specimen undergoes when the load upon it is increased beyond the limit of elasticity. The last chapters give a good selection of data got from experiments on the more important materials used in engineering construction. One of the most interesting of these deals with Wöhler's researches on the "fatigue" which metals apparently suffer when they are subjected to repeated variations of load. Professor Unwin tells nearly all there is to tell about this curious and immensely important subject, and it is not his fault if the reader rises with a strong sense that what is known is nothing to what remains to be learnt. The labours of Wöhler, and Spangenberg, and Bauschinger have scarcely done more than break ground in a field which has a rich harvest to yield to the intelligent experimentalist. Work of this

kind, however, will be best done if the problems are regarded as belonging to physics rather than to engineering. It is necessary to make experiments on a large scale when the results are to be applied to calculate the strength of structures in which the pieces are themselves large. But when the question relates to exact limits of elasticity, or the extent to which elasticity is imperfect, or the influence of repeated stresses in altering the physical properties of materials, it only adds to the difficulty of the inquiry if one uses such cumbrous samples as are properly employed in commercial tests. Professor Unwin's book perhaps betrays an imperfect appreciation of the truth that the methods of the physicist should have a large place in the laboratory of the engineer. But as an account of large-scale processes of testing it fills a blank in the literature of engineering, and fills it well.

LONG LIFE SERIES.*

EACH volume of these primers deals with some special department of medicine or hygiene, such as *Long Life, and How to Reach It; The Eyesight, and How to take Care of It, &c. &c.* They are written for the most part in simple language; but it is always open to question whether the knowledge thus imparted is a solid and unqualified gain to the unscientific reader. Doubtless the endeavour to instruct the public, the vast majority of whom are densely ignorant about all such subjects, is a laudable one; but there is always the fear that the worth of the smattering of knowledge thus crudely acquired may be overestimated by the reader, and that he, or more probably she, may be deluded into the belief that he or she is thereby well qualified, not only to pass an opinion, but to act upon it, perhaps to the no small prejudice of those experimented upon. Apart from this danger, however, it is better that people should know and appreciate certain cardinal facts and principles concerning their bodies and lives, than that they should rely upon their own imaginations or those of friends as untutored as themselves, always provided that they recognize the fact that they can no more acquire the physician's art and science from twelve primers, than a novice can adequately render a Beethoven Sonata after twelve lessons on the violin.

One of the most practically valuable of the series is that which bears the taking title of *Long Life, and How to Reach It*, in which a great deal of sanitary science is happily blended with much common sense. The chapter on Pure Air is especially to be commended to those persons, all too numerous, who have such a superstitious dread of "draughts" that they cheerfully endure, and compel their friends to endure, an atmosphere laden with the most loathsome impurities rather than admit free ventilation. The work, however, betrays some signs of literary carelessness, as, for example, at p. 119, where the following very questionable advice is given:—"Preserved green peas have sometimes been found to owe their fine fresh colour to a salt of copper, and should then be eaten with caution, or not at all." It is not very obvious how "caution" can preserve a person who deliberately eats things which have been coloured by a poisonous salt of copper. Again, we are not prepared to indorse the opinion expressed at p. 36 in the chapter on Contagion. Alluding to scarlatina and other infectious fevers, the author writes, "The general absence of second attacks is admirably explained by the hypothesis that the parasitic fungus, on the first occasion, has exhausted all, or nearly all, of some peculiar unknown organic ingredient in our systems which is absolutely requisite for its support," &c. We fail to admire this hypothesis, because the presumed total and life-long loss of this "unknown organic ingredient" is absolutely imperceptible; "nobody seems one penny the worse"—and we are logically landed in the absurdity that we are endowed with some "organic ingredient" which is wholly superfluous, unnecessary to our well-being, and only supplied to afford food for a particular sort of fever. And as one sort of fever does not afford protection against others, we must conclude, according to this hypothesis, that our bodies contain a varied assortment of organic ingredients, specially devoted to the requirements of every variety of contagious disease, and performing no other function in our system. The analogy between our bodies and a cultivated field is not complete; and when pathologists speak of a "suitable soil" for developing a particular disease, they use the term not literally, but as a convenient metaphor.

The Young Wife's Advice Book contains a good deal of sound practical information, although the physiological points stated at the foot of p. 3 are open to question. As, however, it would be quite impossible for any general reader to comprehend these points from any such epitome, it matters very little one way or the other, and the practical value of the work is in no way affected.

The Throat and the Voice is commendable for much useful advice, as well as for its simple descriptive diagrams; but the literary style is again susceptible of improvement.

The author of *Brain Work and Overwork* is responsible for the following (p. 19):—"A dish of raw oysters, with a bumper of claret, or a glass of ale, may afford the often-needed sustenance during the labour of a protracted speech, or of an exciting

* *Long Life Series.* Edited by George Black, M.B. Edin. 12 vols. London: Ward & Lock.

political or military contest." The benefit of the sustenance thus suggested is undeniable, but we fear that there are some difficulties in the way of obtaining it, say, on the floor of the House of Commons, in the pulpit, or in the crisis of an engagement.

Perhaps the least satisfactory of these primers is that entitled *The Skin in Health and Disease*. The chapter on the Anatomy and Physiology is much too full of technicalities for a popular work, and is at the same time far behind the times in its information. It is, for instance, quite inaccurate to say that the cells of the epidermis "cannot interlace," for the prickles cells unquestionably do so by their processes; and it is equally wrong to say that the whole thickness of the epidermis is removed by a blister. As a well-known fact, the basal and supra-basal prickles cells remain intact, the granular layer is broken up more or less, and the skin of the blister consists of only the horny layer, the stratum lucidum, and some of the granular cells. The writer, moreover, wholly ignores the existence of these well-defined layers of the epidermis, and gives only the crude and antiquated division into two layers. No mention is made of the views of Meissner, Krause, or Unna upon the functions of the sudoriparous glands, which place them in an entirely new light, and are opposed to the older views which are stated in this work without comment. The ponderous classification at p. 51 is quite out of place in any popular work, besides being open to very serious criticism from a scientific point of view. The author does not appear to be aware of the bacterial character of Leprosy or of Lupus, or he would hardly have ventured to state at p. 76 that the former is "not at all contagious," or at p. 98 that "little is known as to the causes of the latter." We confess our inability to comprehend the meaning of the advice given in regard to epithelioma (a form of cancer) at p. 96. "They"—i.e. the cancerous growths—"should never be tampered with; they should not be touched unless they are cured." The author is mistaken in saying, p. 114, that scabies is the only disease of the skin in which animal parasites are found beneath the surface, the *Filaria Medinensis* being a notable exception, not to mention the *Filaria Sanguinis Hominis*, and, one might almost add, the *Pulex penetrans* and *Leptus Autumnalis*. Numerous other instances of carelessness might be cited, and the work, though much too pretentious for a popular primer, would require to be considerably altered before it could claim a place in modern scientific teaching.

Much more readable and suitable for the purpose is *Sleep, and How to Obtain It*, which is relieved by not a few happy anecdotes and curious notes upon dreams, somnambulism, and apparitions. The work is marked by sturdy common sense.

Hearing, and How to Keep It, is also a satisfactory work, on the whole, the diagrams being exceptionally good.

Health in Schools and Workshops is well worthy of perusal, and if its simple advice was more generally carried out, there would be a sensible increase alike in the health and the happiness of the rising generation. On the whole, we have found more in this and others of the series which deal with matters of every-day life and preventive hygiene than in those which invade the domain of medicine proper. For instance, *Sea Air and Sea Bathing* is an excellent shillingsworth, and we can heartily commend the general information to be found in *Sick Nursing*. It is when the attempt is made to epitomize and popularize the most complex of all the sciences that these primers fail to satisfy.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.*

MR. KREHBIEL, the author and compiler of this *Review* of the last New York Musical Season, is an enthusiast. Thus, in his opening chapter, which deals with the operation and constitution of the Männergesangverein Arion, he indulges his readers in a full, true, and particular account of the Society's new club-house—elevator, ventilating fans, "chaste and elegant" appearance, "handsome balconies," statues of "Prince Carnival and two female figures dancing," and all. Being an enthusiast, it is far from surprising to find that he has a style, even as Sir Willoughby Patterne had a leg. As, of course, he is a Wagnerite, his style and his enthusiasm have free play in the course of the present work, which might (indeed) have gone unwritten (one is inclined to surmise) had the season not abounded in the Master's works. His second chapter, anyhow, is a long analysis of the *Siegfried*. It is quite readable, for, while it makes no secret of the author's opinion that not a little of that *magnam opus* is mere horseplay, it rises, at times, to real heights of interpretation—as, for instance, in the remark that "the public knows what to expect when Wagner devotes all the resources of his genius to a depiction of frenetic love." To do him justice, however, Mr. Krehbiel has a habit of seriousness which deserts him never, and is now and then the cause of strange results. "As a work," he writes, "laying claim to an honourable designation, it is defective in that it shines almost wholly by reflected light." The conclusion is portentous; it might apply (one thinks, with a certain awe) to a well-meaning imitation of Wagner; one is relieved to find that what it does apply to is a well-intended copy of *The Mikado*. In this same note we

are told of a particular audience that "their resentment was estopped"; and of a certain writer that he "works over Mr. Gilbert's products with more freedom and ease than" a certain musician "does Sir Arthur Sullivan's." Both phrases are memorable; but "I explain this, men and hangels" occurs quite naturally to the Thackerayan mind. Another pleasant suggestion is that of the "low comedian of the operatic stage" engaged in the art of "injecting comical absurdities into all plays with music, regardless of their effect upon the comedy." Elsewhere we read with interest of a quartette that is "not burdened with remplissage, but is straightforward." It is impossible not to agree with our critic when he remarks of a certain sonata that, "like other compositions of the serious-minded Harvard professor"—its author—"it might have more warmth"; and impossible not to delight in him when he concludes that the real secret of the popularity of the *Trompeter von Säckingen* is, perhaps, "the German Mädchen's sentimental disposition towards the picturesque toggerly and chivalresque bearing of the hero." Even more charming is the incident (recorded by Mr. Krehbiel) of "finding a strawberry mark . . . which takes the place of the Pope's patent." In justice to this writer, however, it must be noted that his English is always equal to the task imposed upon it by his imagination. "Some elements of a musical nature must be direct gifts, or they can never be owned," is the kind of phrase that "surprises by himself." Less profound and more obvious is the statement, of which the hero is Josef Hofmann, that "when the last London season reached its height the Polish prodigy rode on the crest of its biggest wave." After such facts as this, it is a blow to find our author using "phenomenal" in the sense of extraordinary. He picks himself up again, however, in the remark (which is made in perfect good faith) that "Wagner's dramas are all admirable as plays"; in the confession that in comparison with certain parts of *Euryanthe* "even *Lohengrin* might be accused of heavy-footed affectation"; in the suggestion that "*Siegfried* is a prototype of the American people in being an unspoiled nature," who "looks at the world through glowing eyes that have not grown accustomed to the false and meretricious." Thus Mr. Krehbiel, oblivious alike of John L. Sullivan and the New York daily press, of the ingenious fictions of Mr. Howells and the eloquent "religiosity" of the late Henry Ward Beecher, of Mr. Blaine and the Irish vote and—but the list of his obliences is really too long.

His list of novelties for 1887-88, it should be added, is one calculated to move the Londoner to envy. It includes in opera the *Siegfried* and the *Götterdämmerung* of Richard Wagner, Nessler's *Trompeter von Säckingen*, and Weber's *Euryanthe*, Spontini's *Ferdinand Cortez* and Verdi's *Otello*, and in symphonic music of work by Rubinstein, Lalo, Tchaikowsky, Massenet, Raff, Schwarwenka, Cowen, Wagner, Strauss, Dvorák, and some twenty or thirty more. Other operas played were Halévy's *Juive*; the *Tristan* and the *Lohengrin*, the *Meistersinger* and the *Tannhäuser* and the *Walküre* of Beethoven-Eschylus, the *Master*, even Wagner; with *Faust*, the *Prophète*, and *Fidelio*. The most successful of all was the *Götterdämmerung*, which was played seven times to a total of over twenty thousand spectators and to the tune of some thirty thousand dollars. The least interesting appears to have been the *Fidelio*, which was played four times to a total of 8,139 spectators and 9,000 dollars—a fact which seems to indicate that the *Siegfried* of Mr. Krehbiel's fine analogy is less innocent than might be supposed.

HENRY II.*

MRS. GREEN has had a difficult task assigned to her, and has, on the whole, performed it with considerable success. In writing on Henry II. she had to enter on ground which had already been pretty fully occupied by Bishop Stubbs and Miss Norgate. What could she say that had not been said before? and how could she avoid writing a book that, though in truth the result of independent study, would seem little better than a reproduction under another form of what others had already written? She has found a satisfactory answer to these questions, for she has treated Henry's work as an English statesman mainly with reference to its immediate effect on the condition of the people—a side of her subject which had not been illustrated before and to which she has been attracted by the most sacred associations; and while as regards other parts of her work she has wisely taken full advantage of the labours of others, she has not only consulted the original authorities for herself, but makes it evident to her readers that she has done so, partly by the freshness of her general treatment, and partly by the skilful and felicitous use she constantly makes of the very words of the chroniclers of the reign. Her book is eminently readable; her style, though not wholly free from mannerisms—we wish that she were not so forgetful of sense and grammar as to make her Normans "laugh" their sarcastic remarks—is generally pleasant, and she describes her characters with vigour and discernment. While her treatment of Henry's reign is probably as complete as her space would allow, she has rightly given special prominence to the place which the King holds as an English statesman. Apart from the

* *Review of the New York Musical Season, 1887-1888.* London and New York: Novello. 1888.

* *Twelve English Statesmen—Henry the Second.* By Mrs. J. R. Green. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

mere restoration of order after the anarchy of Stephen's reign—a matter which, as she rightly points out, was accomplished without much difficulty—the country stood in urgent need of a reform in the system of administration. The new energy that marked the period, the industrial activity, the increase of wealth, and the eager struggle for exclusive privileges that prevailed in all quarters, “constituted the real problem of government.” Methods of jurisdiction and administration which had hitherto met the needs of society “began to break down under the fulness and complexity of national life.” Two striking instances are given of the hardships that must often have arisen from the defective methods of the local courts, and the difficulty of obtaining a decision in the King's Court. A curious picture, derived from Peter of Blois, shows how the restless and vigorous King was, during the comparatively short time he spent in England, ever moving from place to place, making himself thoroughly acquainted with the wants of the people, and regulating in person the machinery of government. The character of his legal and administrative reforms is clearly indicated, and the chapter on the “Assize of Clarendon” is a good instance of the author's power of investing a somewhat dry subject with life and interest. We wish, however, that she did not indulge so freely in the use of inverted commas, especially as many of the words she thus distinguishes are in common use and are not quoted from any document. Mrs. Green dwells with much force on the dislike with which Henry's reforms were regarded by almost every class in the country; for “in declaring war upon local jurisdictions, whether of clergy, or nobles, or burghers, or independent shire courts, he was defying all the traditions and convictions of his age.” Besides, the nobles saw with uneasiness the destruction of their feudal importance; and all men, down to the poorest peasant, suffered from the rigour with which the judges enforced the claims of the Crown. Indeed, as is well remarked, there are abundant indications that in the hands of over-zealous judges the administration of justice was often made grievous to the poor; the number of out-laws increased, and crimes of violence became common. The King's quarrel with Archbishop Thomas was the inevitable consequence on the one side of Henry's determination to allow no exemptions from the law of the State, and on the other of the Archbishop's championship of ecclesiastical privileges. We cannot agree with the remark that the change which Thomas made in his manner of life after his election to Canterbury was intended to win the “moral support of the religious party,” and is to be taken as an evidence of “his keen political sagacity.” This makes him out a hypocrite, and though we are ready to allow that his religion was in a certain sense artificial, we cannot see any trace of hypocrisy in his character. With the King's alliance with the Emperor the quarrel assumed a new aspect; it touched the obedience of the English bishops both to the Pope and to their Primate. This change is strongly marked by Mrs. Green; indeed we are inclined to think that she rather exaggerates it, for the attitude of the bishops as a body scarcely justifies her in giving the chapter in which she describes the King's proceedings at this stage the title of “The Strife with the Church.” The principle for which Henry contended was a just one, and he “stood far before his age in his attempt to bring the clergy under a law that was not their own.” At the same time he nearly ruined himself, and did in a measure defeat his own objects by his violent conduct. That he succeeded as far as he did—and the measure of his success, as it is well set out here, was not small—is a proof of the wisdom of his policy, and of the extraordinary ability with which he pursued it. The last scenes in his life—his retreat before his enemy, Philip of France, and his rebellious son Richard, when as he saw the city of Le Mans in flames he cursed God in the bitterness of his soul; the Conference between the fever-stricken King and his enemies at Colombières; and the agony with which he heard that John, his best-loved son, had turned traitor, are described with much power.

While, however, we find many things to praise in Mrs. Green's volume, we are bound to point out that it contains several mistakes, some of which give us the impression that, though she has certainly gone to the best authorities, her acquaintance with them is superficial, and has been hastily gained. Although William of Newburgh tells us that the nobles coined money in Stephen's time, this statement should not have led her to reckon the “right” of coinage among the things that increased the power of the feudal lords (p. 4), especially as it is not quite clear whether she is speaking exclusively of the period of anarchy. The assertion (p. 5) that the “homage of the English people” to Matilda in the winter of 1126-7 was rendered unwillingly is open to objection. We do not know what authority there is for the fact of homage; and the oath to be loyal to the Empress and to maintain her right of succession was taken, not by the “people,” but by the magnates and prelates. Nor is there any ground for supposing that they swore unwillingly, other than the argument which the author of the *Gesta Stephani* puts in the mouths of Stephen's party when it was proposed to crown him King, and even their objection seems to refer especially to the oath taken in 1131, after the Empress's marriage to Geoffrey of Anjou, which materially changed the state of affairs. It is, of course, the wildest exaggeration to speak (p. 12) either of the retreat of Stephen's forces from Malmesbury or of the military parade at Wallingford as a “great fight.” In pointing out, with much justice, how the reign of Henry II. brought England into increased communication with the Continent, Mrs.

Green overstates the isolation of the country under the Norman kings. “A foreign legate,” she says, “had scarcely ever landed on its shores” (p. 22). In reality England had received six legatine visits during the last four reigns. In the account of Henry's paternal inheritance (p. 10), “Lorraine” is an obvious slip or misprint for Touraine; but it is fairly certain from what Robert de Monte says that Henry was invested with his mother's heritage some two years before 1151—the date given here. It is odd to find it stated (p. 48) that Robert Pulleyn taught “Latin” at Oxford; for, if we are to accept the account of his lectures given us in the Oseney Annals, they were on the Holy Scriptures. We fail to recognize a tax called “town-geld” (p. 72); and the date, 1164, assigned to Henry's first charter to Bristol (p. 138) is clearly impossible, for it is witnessed by Roger, Earl of Hereford, who died in 1155. A decidedly wrong impression is conveyed by the remark that “both sides”—the King and the Church—“chose the same man to fight their battle” (p. 78). Whatever Henry may have had in his mind when he bade his Chancellor accept the Archbishopric, the Church was by no means anxious to enter into strife with the Crown. “Philip de Broc” (p. 89) is a misprint for Philip de Broi, the canon who was claimed by the Archbishop's Court; the slip is unfortunate, for the family of Broc afterwards took a conspicuous part in the persecution of Thomas. The discovery that there are “entries in the Pipe Roll of pardons issued” by Thomas as Chancellor, “the first instance of such a right ever used by any save king or queen” (p. 80) is very funny. Mrs. Green refers more than once to the Pipe Rolls, but no one who has the slightest acquaintance with them can, we think, be ignorant of the meaning of *perdonum* as there used. Besides if, as we are bound to suppose, she has read the articles of the Inquest of Sheriffs, what does she make of “*si quid [forestarii] perdonaverint de rectis regis*” in art. vii? Lastly, in spite of the general correctness of her remarks on the Assize of Clarendon, she must surely have paid very little attention to the document itself; for she tells us that it provided that “heretics were to be treated as outlaws,” adding, “the over-anxious legislators seem only to have had in view a little band of German teachers” (p. 118). The Assize, however, contains no general decree on the subject of heresy; the section to which she refers is simply concerned with the special case of the German heretics, and there is no room for any “seem” in the matter, as a glance at the Assize will show plainly enough. These slips and misconceptions, most of them of little or no importance as regards the view taken of Henry's life and work, to some extent impair the value of Mrs. Green's book; but nevertheless it is as a whole very pleasant and profitable reading.

FOLK-TALES OF KASHMIR.*

MR. KNOWLES, a missionary to the Kashmiris, has collected and edited a collection of popular tales which is remarkable even among the numerous collections of late years. His stories not only interest the student, but in many cases will be very welcome to children. Unluckily the book is a bulky book—we mean unluckily as far as children are concerned—being one of Messrs. Trübner's Oriental Series. Perhaps Mr. Knowles would be doing a wise thing if he put forth a selection of the best of his little romances in a form acceptable to the reading population of the nursery. Meanwhile we have to do with the book rather as a document in the study of folklore than as an assortment of amusing legends. It may, however, be noted that the Kashmiri taste in stories is rather extravagant, and sometimes incoherent. The narrators abuse the privilege of interweaving story with story. At any moment one may have to desert the fortunes of the original Brahman, or Parrot, or Thief, or Princess to listen to an apologue by a lion, or a serpent, or a barber. When we have got thoroughly interested in *that*, then the tale about the original character is apt to become a little insipid. In fact, there is occasionally an artistic prodigality in the Kashmiri genius. They give one really too much of a good thing, or too much for a mature taste. Where is the use of killing the Prince, or the Beggar, or the Parrot, when everybody knows that the first tiger, or washerwoman, or goldsmith who comes by will probably bring the defunct back to life again? Occasionally a good prince should be allowed to die, out and out, or a Rakshasa (cannibal with supernatural accomplishments) to escape unpunished. The excitement would be better kept up, but so does not think the Kashmiri, and he tells tales to suit his own village audience, and not to suit reviewers.

Mr. Knowles began collecting tales for the purpose, first of learning the language colloquially, and next, to learn something of “the thoughts and ways of the people.” It has been asserted somewhere that folk-tales tell us nothing of national peculiarities because all nations have the same folk-tales. This is absurd, for, granting the community of plot and situation, the diversity of manners, customs, and ideas necessarily presents itself as the story passes from lip to lip in each region. The Kashmiri stories are full of national peculiarities, for example—polygamy, the ardent religious desire for male offspring, the various rites and ablutions of various castes, the peculiar way in which certain classes are regarded (goldsmiths have a bad reputation), the

* *Folk-Tales of Kashmir*. By the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles, F.R.G.S. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

magical accomplishments of holy men or jogis, and so forth, are all illustrated here. In the same way the Zulu stories, with incidents and plots essentially similar, contain constant references to rites and customs peculiarly Zulu. But, though Mr. Knowles must have learned much about Kashmiri ways while listening to these legends, we may doubt whether, as he thinks, "many of the tales are probably purely Kashmiri in origin." At least it would be hard or impossible to note any which have not their analogies among most races, while nothing makes it more probable that they were first evolved in Kashmir than in Africa or Japan. On the other hand, it would scarcely be more safe to say that this or that tale has been imported into Kashmir from outside. The Kashmir Cinderella, which is very incomplete, may look like an importation, but then the incompleteness may be due to lack of memory in the narrator. Mr. Knowles himself in his introduction does not pretend to solve these problems. He is well aware that both by way of tradition and of written literature (Mr. Groome might add by aid of Gipsy hordes) Eastern tales came westward. But he is equally well aware that Western tales, or forms of the tales, may have moved eastwards. As to the Solar hypothesis, Mr. Knowles is not led astray by the Armida of the Dawn. He seems to agree with Captain Temple that Rajah Rasalu was not the Sun, but "a popular leader on whose name has been hung as a convenient peg most of the floating folklore of the Punjab." Mr. Knowles takes no side. He is content to collect, and to illustrate the stories by brief but capital notes, in which he points out analogous forms of the *Märchen* in India and other countries. His informants were of all classes of the population, Governors, Pandits, physicians, barbers, labourers, old men, and little boys. He usually gives in each case the name of the narrator. In short, we may call this not only an amusing, but a scientific, collection.

The majority of the Kashmir tales are different arrangements of certain well-known stock incidents, such as that of the Grateful Beasts; the talking trees or animals which reveal secrets—usually of their own magical qualities; the metamorphosed Prince; the hero or heroine slain and restored to life; the Rakshasa, or Ogre, who smells out human beings within his halls; the separable life, which is kept in a fruit, or stone, or animal; the sending of the hero on perilous and impossible adventures—for example, to bring a tiger's milk, as in Zululand he brings the liver of the fabulous Ingogo; the birth of "wonder-children" by virtue of supernatural aid or magical ceremonies, and so forth. Give a narrator these ideas, which are common to the popular imagination in almost all countries, and he will tell any number of different stories. The elements are few and well known, the combinations are infinite. To all his incidents the narrator naturally and inevitably gives a dash of local colour. For example, in the first tale, the "Seven-Legged Beast," we certainly meet an animal new to us in the fauna of fairy. We remember no other story opening exactly like this:—A Rajah is reviewing his troops when a seven-legged beast comes on the scene; he pursues it, it changes to a jinn, and eats him. The same adventure occurs to his son, who, by help of an angel, kills the jinn, and throws its head into a room which he forbids his mother to enter. But the mother, as usual, does enter the room, when the voice of the jinn bids her distrust her son, and send him to fetch tiger's milk. The son makes friends with a tigress, who magically befriends him, appearing whenever he shows a tuft of her fur to the sun (to the fire in other stories). The tiger cubs win him favour in the eyes of the Princess of a Castle Perilous; he returns, convinces his mother that the jinn was a scoundrel, and all ends happily. Here the grateful beasts, the tasks, the princess, the forbidden chamber, are all stock incidents; but the review could only have occurred in a fairly civilized country; the angel is Islamite; and as to the seven-legged beast, we are at a loss to explain his origin or his interest in military spectacles. Could he have been originally sent to punish the pride of a Rajah, who wished, like David, to know exactly how he stood as regards military force?

We have mentioned the Kashmiri form of Cinderella as a possible importation. Only readers who know Cinderella—not in Perrault merely, but in the far wilder popular versions of Greece, Finland, and Scotland—will see much resemblance between Cinderella and "The Wicked Stepmother." Let it be remembered that in the countries we have named the mother of Cinderella is either a sheep (Finland, Scotland), a cow (France, Servia, Santal), a calf (Lowland Scotch), or, if she is none of these beasts, her rôle and that of Perrault's fairy godmother is taken by one of those beasts. Among the Kaffirs the protector of the hero (a boy, not a girl, takes the part) is a bull.

In the Kashmiri version the beginning is as mysterious as in the Servian. There three girls are told that their mother will become a cow if one of them drops her spindle down a cleft in the ground. Why this is so nobody knows. In Kashmiri the Brahman tells his wife that she must not eat anything except in his company, or she will become a she-goat. No reason whatever is assigned for this taboo. The woman infringes it, and becomes a she-goat. Her husband takes a new wife, who ill-treats the children; but they obtain food by striking the maternal she-goat's horns, when food falls from them. This is very like the Kaffir ox which supplies the boy he patronizes with food out of his horn. The new wife of the Brahman learns from her own ugly one-eyed daughter that the goat feeds the children of the first wife, and she has the goat killed. The poor goat, knowing her fate, bids the children bury her bones in a secret place, and

from the bones they will receive food. This occurs also in Scotch and Finnish; in the latter the wicked woman has changed the first wife into a sheep. One of the goat's daughters loses her nose-ring (how characteristic the touch which makes it a nose-ring!); a fish swallows it; the fish is cooked for the king's dinner; the king advertises the discovery, the girl comes to claim it, and the king marries her. If the step-sister claimed the ring, and if the king punished her and her mother, the narrator does not mention these usual features in the legend.

How did the Kashmirians get this mutilated form of the Cinderella *Märchen*? We cannot say, but it can hardly have come, as Mr. Knowles hints that stories may have come, through "European officials, missionaries, and others." They, if they told Cinderella's tale at all, would almost certainly have told it in the familiar form—the form it took in the hands of Perrault. At least, if educated Europeans diffused the *Märchen*, the odds are very long that they told it in the literary form, not in the form where a beast does the miracles, the form common to Santals, Kaffirs, Finns, Scotch, and Servians. So much will be admitted, we think, and it seems likely that stories, on the whole, have been much more frequently transmitted through oral tradition and in the popular form than in literary versions, even where these are so well known as Charles Perrault's book. Probably few will argue that the incident of the woman desired by the King because a lock of her hair floated down the stream to him reached the Kashmiris through M. Maspero's translation of the very ancient Egyptian *Märchen* of the Two Brothers. "The Charmed Ring" is the Kashmiri tale where this incident occurs. Again, if "The Master Thief" set forth from Egypt, in the second book of Herodotus, it certainly was oddly altered before it became Mr. Knowles's "Shabrang, Prince and Thief." Mr. Knowles remarks, "The tale probably came from Herodotus"; but, though Herodotus published the story, one much questions whether it may not have been known even before his date in the country now called Kashmir. About these matters we can only guess, as a rule; but certainly the evidence looks as if literature had borrowed much more from tradition than tradition from literature. Or can "The Day Thief and the Night Thief" have been borrowed from our *Box and Cox*? A more odd and essentially immoral story has rarely been invented; but probably European readers will be sorry for the wife of the Day Thief and the Night Thief.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

A ROMAN *honnête* that is not mawkish or trivial is so rare a thing that it deserves the place of honour, even if it were not so good a book as *Une tache d'encre* (1) is. With something of Töpfer, and something more of Sandeau, M. Bazin has plenty of his own. The adventures of his hero (who makes the acquaintance of his beloved in the not wholly promising way of dropping a huge splash of ink on the folio which her father, a formidable Dryadust of the Institute, is reading at the Bibliothèque Nationale) are not at all exciting, but they are sufficiently varied. The charm of the book, however, lies in the truth of its touches of ordinary character and in the style, quaint without affectation and lively without spasmodic funniness, in which it is told. It is the best book of anything like its kind since *Le crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*.

Very different, and in a style which is far from being so healthy, is M. Charles Ephevre's *Une conscience d'homme* (2), but it also is a book of uncommon merit. The everlasting theme of French novels is varied thus. The husband and *l'autre* are "comrades of college," as M. de Florac remarks, since whose time a curious point of honour seems to have sprung up in France. They add there to that commandment which they chiefly honour in the breach, "with the wife of thy comrade of college, at least unless thou art very much tempted." The hero of *Une conscience d'homme* was very much tempted, and was always extremely unhappy in his mind; for he was a "severe magistrate"—the serious heroes of French novels nearly always belong to the Bar when they are not civil engineers. His fall and his punishment are related with remarkable truth to nature, and in a style quite different from that of naturalism. True, the reversion is rather to Feydeau than to any of the greater masters; but the author of *Sylvie* was a much better novelist (save in his last days) than it is the fashion to think now, and at any rate a reversion to him is a step out of the mud of Zola. Something the same may be said of M. Marcel l'Heureux (3), though the splashes of the mud are rather too thick on him still. The second and shorter story in his book is hardly, if at all, better than the usual work of the order; and even *La possession* itself is smirched a little. But, on the whole, it is a powerful and original story, though somewhat too much concentrated on one painful and monotonous situation. Henriette Fromental, wife of a novelist of genius, in a moment of, as it happens, unfounded jealousy, insists on eloping, rather than is tempted to elope, with another man. But she has no sooner done this than she repents frantically; and the unfortunate cavalier, unrewarded in any way for his devotion, has for months to nurse and tend her. How the situation turns to even

- (1) *Une tache d'encre*. Par René Bazin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (2) *Une conscience d'homme*. Par C. Ephevre. Paris: Ollendorff.
- (3) *La possession*. Par Marcel l'Heureux. Paris: Charpentier.

more tragic phases than this the reader may find out. M. l'Heureux has been particularly successful in drawing with truth that enormous egotism of womankind, shown often in their very affection and apparent self-sacrifice, which balances, if it does not excuse, the enormous inconstancy of man.

The central situation of *Claire de Brimeu* (4) is an exceedingly disagreeable one, without even the merit of originality, and leading to no definite or artistic conclusion. In the earlier part of the book there is a good deal of bright and pleasant writing which makes its catastrophe all the more out of place.

For M. E. Delpit's book (5) we acknowledge with due contrition that we have not exactly been able to read it, so that we cannot judge it except in so far as the admission is a judgment. In the old days of these one *De illegibilitate librorum* would have been good to write, and the discussion of the various forms and causes of the phenomenon would have been quite interesting; but this is an age patient only of its own kinds of tedium.

Certainly it is no wonder that military service should be getting less and less popular in France, if only in consequence of the gloom and grime of the military novel. In *Le caporal Grandrigny* (6) a volunteer of excellent dispositions, who has joined the "marsouins," or marines, first drinks himself nearly mad and dead in Tonquin, and then is enticed into malversation by an extravagant mistress, embezzles the money entrusted to him as *vaguemestre*, is discovered, and blows his brains out.

M. Artaut's (7) theory of anti-naturalism in his preface is excellent; his practice of it in his text can hardly be spoken of so warmly. The scene of two guilty lovers poisoning themselves in a comfortably stuffed coffin is ingeniously conceived, but needs means of execution superior to M. Artaut's, and his dialogue throughout is deplorably copybookish and unreal.

Of the last three books (8, 9, 10) on our list the middle one is a romance of the Revolution time which M. Ch. d'Héricault knows so well, and takes so much pleasure in writing about. It deals partly with the St. Domingo revolt, and is, like all its author's work, worth reading. The first and third, though both, and especially the last, well-written books in their way, are spoilt for English taste by a sentimentality which is not our sentimentality. The young girl who marries an old man in the one case and the faithless and repentant wife in the other fail, as represented here, to move the compassion of the brutal Briton. His "verdict is 'Served 'em right'" in both cases.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN the brief note of preface to his *Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (Walter Scott) Dr. Garnett expresses the peculiar hardship of his position with the point and brevity that are the spirit of epigram. "Emerson," he observes, "has dealt severely with his biographers." There is only too much truth in this whimsical statement. The "injured biographer" is forced to complain that, while Emerson foresaw that his life must be written, he yet "thought fit to lead a life devoid of incident, of nearly untroubled happiness, and of absolute conformity to the moral law." His correspondence, as Dr. Garnett points out, is seldom very interesting, and his diary is out of reach. The framework of facts and incidents in his life was of the slenderest description, as is only too apparent in the biography of his literary executor, Mr. J. E. Cabot. In the circumstances Dr. Garnett depends largely upon a sympathetic study of Emerson's writings for the truth of his portrait, and he succeeds admirably in setting forth the full extent, as in estimating the value, of the revelation afforded by the works of the philosopher. His biographical method is, indeed, excellent, and will be found fruitful in suggestion even by those who are acquainted with Emersonian literature. As to the larger section of the public, to whom the series of "Great Writers" is addressed, no record of Emerson's life and work could be more desirable, both in breadth of treatment and lucidity of style, than Dr. Garnett's.

The Kinship of Man, by Henry Kendall (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), is an "argument from pedigrees" to prove that all men are akin in a sense not accepted by genealogists. The author of this ingenious book attacks the ordinary system of compiling pedigrees. This is styled "conventional genealogy," and is contrasted with "natural genealogy." By the former method only two names are given in each generation—namely, those of father and mother in direct line of descent—while by the latter method of computation both parents of each individual in the successive generations are given. Thus, from the example cited by Mr. Kendall, it appears that by the first method a man's ancestors number eight to the fourth generation, but by the more generous or "natural" method they are thirty. The making of pedigrees on this basis of calculation would be impossible. But, if genealogy were nothing but the computation of ancestry, Mr. Kendall has certainly showed a more excellent way than that commonly pursued. Few genealogists, however, would admit that their

labours should be restricted to the interesting problems, such as the multiplication of ancestors, discussed by Mr. Kendall. The work of the genealogist has an historical basis. He has to name ancestors, not number them, and to deal with documentary evidence.

Memories of Half a Century, by "Owen Square" (John Bumpus), is a chatty, discursive volume of notes and recollections in verse and prose, a miscellany of anecdotes and reminiscences, extremely fragmentary in form, and distinguished by an odd and prodigal promiscuity. Colonel Owen's book is good to dip into, for it is sure to yield an entertaining story or to please by its ingenuous style; and, if the stories are not always new, the manner of telling is refreshingly frank. The recollections refer to life at Rugby and Oxford, experiences in the Antipodes, together with sporting memoranda and notes on "local characters" in Pembrokeshire and Monmouthshire. How the author came to be dubbed "Owen Square" is thus told:—

To Rugby now! I, a light, lathy lad,
Put on at once by Hughes to fight! Too bad.
They, from my fighting, called me "Owen Square,"
I hope through life I always have been there.
Tom chose me for his fag—he had no more.
I cleaned his candlesticks and sanded the ground floor;
Work, I confess, that from my heart I hated,
But, to his praise, he bullied not nor baited.

Of Dr. Arnold, in whose house he was, warm admiration is expressed in prose that is quite as unaffected. Less pleasing is the tribute paid to the gratitude of Sir James Graham, who was accommodated by the author's grandfather, Sir John Owen, with a pocket borough, and made an uncourteous return for the benefit years after. "Owen Square's" life at Oxford is vividly sketched, and, like much else in the book, will raise other memories in certain readers. Altogether, this cheerful book is not free from the ghost-raising element frequent in reminiscences.

Any attempt to interest Londoners in the antiquities of their city deserves commendation. If they will not go to Stow and the chroniclers, there is no reason why Stow may not be brought to them. To the average Londoner the mention of Bridewell suggests nothing but a prison, or house of correction. Few persons, probably, are familiar with the curious history denoted by the words, "Palace, Hospital, Prison, and School," inscribed on the title-page of Mr. Alfred James Copeland's historical sketch, *Bridewell Royal Hospital, Past and Present* (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.) This little monograph possesses many aspects of interest. It is a complete history of a charitable institution that has known many transitions and is still flourishing among us. The old cuts, illustrative of the topography of the ancient palace, are a real aid to the reader. Mr. Copeland's industry in amassing his material is not less admirable than his clear and readable presentment of it.

Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier has written a timely pamphlet on the natural history of the "new game bird"—*Pallas's Sand Grouse* (Horace Cox)—whose migration this year from Central Asia to Great Britain has greatly stirred naturalists. The first "Tartar invasion," as Professor Newton calls it, occurred in 1863; that recorded this year appears to have been even more numerous. Every lover of birds will be pleased to read Mr. Tegetmeier's plea for the protection of the sand grouse, and it is to be hoped that his argument will not be ineffectual with landowners and sportsmen. "If not persecuted," he says, "the birds would breed freely in many parts of Great Britain," and the probability is that the young birds bred in this country would remain.

The Rev. Thomas Parkinson's *Yorkshire Legends and Traditions* (Elliot Stock) is a representative collection of legendary lore in verse and prose compiled from many sources. A useful feature of the volume is a classification of the various legends under distinctive headings. The tourist in Yorkshire will thus find the book a good storehouse of information and serviceable for reference.

In the new and revised edition of Mr. Thomas Brower Peacock's *Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes* (Putnam's Sons) we find among the critical verdicts of the press of Kansas City, St. Louis, and Topeka the original criticism reproduced from the *Saturday Review*. If this does not preclude further criticism, the biographical preface of Professor Thomas Danleigh Suplée might well be said to make further comment superfluous. For the present, at least, the poet's biography claims attention. His "father's father was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, and among his relations in that connexion he numbers a Lord and Lady Peacock." It is pleasant to learn that the poet of Topeka is also related, "though distantly," to that excellent poet and scholar Thomas Love Peacock. Professor Suplée's derivation of the family name is especially interesting, and, it may be said, authoritative, as the Professor is a philologist. The name "originated long ago from the 'Pea Mountains' in Scotland, where peacocks were formerly found in large numbers."

With other articles of interest in the new volume of *The Antiquary* (Elliot Stock) are a number of illustrated historical papers on "Finger Rings," written by the late Mr. H. M. Westropp.

Among translations of foreign fiction we have *Signor I.*, from the Italian of Salvatore Farina, by the Baroness Langenau (Alexander Gardner); *Will* (Vizetelly & Co.), a version of M. Ohnet's *Volonté*; and *The Half-Sister's Secret*, being *Le Secret de la Cadichonne* of Boisgobey, translated by Henry Llewellyn Williams (Routledge & Sons). The first of these is

(4) *Claire de Brimeu*. Par Louis Létang. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *La vengeance de Pierre*. Par E. Delpit. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Le caporal Grandrigny*. Par P. Guiraud. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *Sœur Anne*. Par A. Artaut. Paris: Perrin.

(8) *Une vie brisée*. Par Claude Vento. Paris: Dentu.

(9) *La fiancée de la Fontenelle*. Par C. d'Héricault. Paris: Perrin.

(10) *Après*. Par Joann-Rolland. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

a refreshing exception to the general run of translated novels and tales. *Signor I.* is an acceptable version of a singularly beautiful and touching story, full of power and subtlety and a notable individuality of humour.

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